CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Editorials

FIFTEEN POUNDS OF EXCHANGES

The office has sent on to us some fifteen pounds of American Anglo-Jewish exchanges. It is some years since we fingered so many sheets of contemporary journalism at one sitting. Glancing through the reams of printed matter one forms a picture of the American Jewish scene. If the periodicals register the action of the Jewish mind or the Jewish spirit, or whatever you would call the pervasive force that imparts unity to the group, then one cannot help feeling discouraged at the unmistakable evidence of weakness and decadence. We rule out from this category of exchanges the Menorah Journal. This publication is an efficient instrument for searching, digging. Its efforts may in time result in the piecing together of a symmetrical system of Jewish thought and life. It is the mass of weeklies and other monthlies that present the depressing spectacle.

In unfolding the pages of the exchanges we look first at the list of the editors who are supposed, as it were, to lead the research expeditions into the obscure stretches of Jewish life. The majority of them are rabbis. Now there are many rabbis who are intelligent and scholarly. In the reform rabbinate particularly there are a number of bold minds who often speak freely. Their cult imposes no restraints on their thinking, and in addition seems to encourage challenging and sometimes risque speech. But free as they are, they still suffer from the colic caused by the Cincinnati milk on which they were suckled in their intellectual infancy. The rabbis will discourse blithely on the psychological tangles of James Joyce's novels, or thunder against the iniquities of modern industrialism. But the echoes always roll back from the wall of the Torah which circumscribes their mental range. There is always an undernote of theology which vitiates their utterances. Men living in the atmosphere of stale marriage sermons, pickled funeral orations, and varnished pastoral manners, cannot have the virility of thought and firmness of speech required for intellectual leadership. The rabbinical screeds consist for the most part of sermons delivered in empty synagogues. The few orthodox or Conservative rabbis who enjoy editorial privileges are if anything more sterile than their reform colleagues. They are sunk so deep in the mire of their theological prescriptions that they cannot move with any freedom. They wriggle and squirm frantically, but all they do is churn the mud.

We turn page after page of the various publications. There is a marked scarcity of lay writers. There is still the occasional article on the "Jewish Literature", "Daniel Doranda," or "Social Justice and the Jews," papers read by literary lawyers at Bnai Brith or sisterhood meetings. Disturb the surface of these and you will find the usual accumulations of weeds and tin-cans and old shoes deposited by a succession of local Bnai-Brith and sisterhood litterateurs.

Here and there you will find the timehonored reprint of a translation from Peretz or Sholom Aleichem, or even Tashrack. You will read the same efforts of pidgin English purporting to reproduce the flavor and idiosyncrasy of the original. These are meant to inspire the youth with a love for the Jewish classics.

Of course, the social and personal columns are omnipresent. Jews have a high regard for the printed word. The sight of their name in print in the columns of a newspaper fills their minds with thoughts of their own importance, there is a hint of immortality. And their hearts overflow with gratitude to the agency that has thus vouchsafed them immortality, and they subscribe to the journal that thus honors them. Jews travel hither and thither. Their matrons play bridge, or foregather to dine at hotels and costly restaurants. Their daughters and sons marry; there is dancing and merry-making. Jewish life is full of activity and these social exercises are faithfully recorded in our publications. Our future Graetz's Dubnows will recite in their history tomes these achievements of American Jewry.

A comparatively new phase of our Anglo-Jewish journalism is the development of syndicate distribution of publicistic gems. Glance through a score of journals and you will experience the thrill of intimacy as you will find in one after another the familiar titles of products emanating from the same dispensary. There is the column of jokes retailed in at least half of the publications. It is refreshing to think that on Friday evening or Saturday afternoon at the same hour Jews in New York and Jews in Kansas City, and Jews in Seattle, and at many intermediate points will be laughing at the same jokes, retailed by the same columns. If you are interested in books you will be glad to know that the authoritative dicta of a New York expert are circulating through all the Jewish publications from coast to coast to guide the readers in the various climes. And of course there are the little parcels of profundities neatly done up and displayed on the shelves of eight out of every ten journals. One man in Pittsburg takes an aspirin every week, clears his brain and issues forth waves of random thoughts. In at least half of the journals you will stub your toes on these random thoughts. In another batch of papers you will hear the rumbling voice of the western rabbi disclaiming his thoughts in "Gath". We were amused to read in the last portion of Rabbi Newman's handout a report of the conversation between the author and Rabbi Eisendrath who was a visitor in his city. Rabbi Newman has recently become a member of the new Zionist administration of the United States Zionist organization. Apparently he is so eager to gain new converts that he urged our Toronto Rabbi to dig in and help the new union administration of American Zionism. The worthy Pacific Coast rabbi does not seem to know that Toronto is in Canada and its Zionists are not affiliated with the American Federation.

In addition to these regular syndicate features we run across special articles produced in the mass-production factory. These special articles are patterned after the type of the cheap American magazines. They tell us about the clothes of famous Jewish actors or actresses, the favorite dishes of celebrated cloak manufacturers, or the habits of the servants of great Jewish politicians or judges. These articles are supposed to be informative; they are breezy, and editors are apt to imagine them to be really interesting.

Here we have the spread of theme scrambled rabbinical "homeletics"; pulpy social items; service club readings; denatured, canned syndicate preparations. There is a preponderance of rabbis, and there is a handful of professional journalists. There are no thinkers; no scholars; no students of Jewish life. The men who write have no grasp of Jewish problems; have no understanding of the currents of interest outside of their own petty little range. Take, for example, one of the best known of these Anglo-Jewish journalists, Mr. Charles H. Joseph, editor and columnist. Recently

Continued on Page 23

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. J. Max have returned from a motor trip to Old Orchard Beach and Saratoga Springs.

• • •

Mrs. S. Dennis, Hutchison Street is spending three months with her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Muller, of Montreal, Alberta.

• • •

Mrs. Ullert, Victoria Avenue, has left to spend the remainder of the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

• • •

Miss Ruth Schlesinger, Academy Road, spent last week-end at Desert Lake, the guest of Mrs. Charles Nathanson.

• • •

Miss Violet Schonberg, Van Horne Avenue, has returned from Camp Scarlet, Lake George, where she spent three weeks.

• • •

Misses Jeanette Nathan and Edith Klein, left Thursday to spend ten days at Old Orchard Beach.

• • •

George D. Smith, of New York, is visiting his brother, Murray H. Smith, Hutchison Street.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Friedman have left to spend a few weeks at Lake George and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. L. Eisenstein, Southland Avenue, are spending a few weeks in Ste. Agathe.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. L. Dubin, Monkland Avenue, are spending a few weeks at Ste. Marguerite, Que.

• • •

Miss Anne Shapiro, of New York, is visiting friends in town for a few weeks.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Lapidus, Southland Avenue, are in New Hampshire.

• • •

Mrs. J. M. Bernstein, of South Bend, Indiana, and Mrs. L. Rosenthal, of Philadelphia, Pa., who were visiting the former's sister, Mrs. I. Silverman, have returned home.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Katz, and son Calvin, of Youngstown, Ohio, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Louis J. Strean, Southland Avenue, have returned home.

• • •

Rabbi A. Silliman Lapidus and wife have returned after spending three weeks at Ocean Beach.

• • •

Mrs. I. Freeman and daughters, Toronto, and Bessie Sherman, Ottawa, have returned from a stay at Lacoma Hotel, Lacoma, Que.

Mrs. Wm. Dexter, and son, who spent the past few months with Mrs. Dexter's sisters, Mrs. A. Slotsky, St. Viateur Street West, and Mrs. I. Packer, and other relatives in Montreal, returned August 10 to her home in Los Angeles. En route, they will spend a few days in Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. Albert White.

• • •

Mrs. M. Abbot, Clyde Avenue, is at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

• • •

Miss Rose Valle and Mrs. Sam Mills entertained at a personal, linen and stocking shower on Tuesday, August 6 at the Edinburgh Cafe in honor of Miss Mildred Mills, whose marriage to J. M. Holfeld, took place Sunday, August 10.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Korenberg and their son, Master Herbert Korenberg, have returned from Morin Heights where they spent several weeks.

• • •

Doctor and Mrs. Seymour Stein are leaving on Sunday by motor for New York and Atlantic City, to be away two weeks.

• • •

Miss Doris Segler, who spent the summer holidays with her aunt Mrs. Sykes, at Bay North, has returned.

• • •

Miss Bessie Polofsky, of Ottawa, is spending three weeks in Buffalo, N. Y., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Segal and Miss Rose Sirkin.

• • •

Miss Anne Polofsky, of Ottawa, is spending three weeks in Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains.

• • •

Miss Dorothy Fisher, Sherbrooke Street West, has left to spend two weeks at Waterville.

• • •

Those who entertained in honor of Miss Sara Angelman, whose marriage to Louis Cina took place Wednesday, August 7, were Mesdames J. Lazar and Max Bier, personal and linen shower and Mrs. Ben Caplan, linen shower.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. H. Magen, of New York, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. I. Seminsky, Park Avenue, for a week.

• • •

Miss Lily Fitzgerald, Victoria Avenue, is at Lily Lake, Que.

• • •

Miss Claire Goodman has just returned from a holiday at Maxwell Lake, Parry Sound, Ont.

• • •

Miss Sonia Sirkin and Miss Lena Zacks, Montreal, are also visiting relatives in Kingston, Ont., returned by motor.

Mrs. I. M. Richmond, of New Orleans, Louisiana, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Williams, and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker, Rivard Street, for a few months.

• • •

Mrs. A. Schachter, and daughter Selma, St. Joseph Boulevard West, returned Monday, August 12, from Old Orchard Beach, and will spend the remainder of the summer in the Laurentian Mountains.

• • •

Mrs. J. M. Benjamin and family, Bernard Ave., West, who spent a month at Chateau Quinte, Ste. Marguerite, have returned.

• • •

L. Rabinovitch, Vendome Avenue, is spending a few days at Old Orchard Beach.

• • •

Mrs. M. Dobrofsky entertained at a bridge on Wednesday, August 8, at her summer home at Dorval, in honor of Mrs. Henry Silverstein, of Wichita, Kansas. Guests were Mesdames M. Ash, H. Pierce, J. N. Neumann, Harold Neumann, Maurice S. Stinger, M. Jacobs, A. Michaels, S. Levy, L. Catsoff, M. Freeman, A. Dobrofsky, and L. Wolfe, and Miss Dorothy Freeman.

• • •

Mrs. D. Kastner and daughter have returned from Old Orchard Beach and will spend the remainder of the summer in the Laurentians.

• • •

Misses Beulah and Helen Papernick, of Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. N. Strasberg, Park Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. Henry Silverstein, of Wichita, Kansas, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Dobrofsky, at Dorval, Que.

• • •

Theodore Gullaroff, of New York, who visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. Gullaroff, Park Avenue, has left to spend the remainder of his vacation at Old Orchard Beach with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jacobs.

• • •

Mrs. S. Gallek and family, Old Orchard Avenue, have returned from a three weeks' stay at the Hotel Empire, Old Orchard Beach.

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Mrs. Charles Pascal, Terrebonne Avenue, entertained at dinner for her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goldman, who sailed on Thursday, August 14, on the "Montrose" to spend several months travelling in Europe.

• • •

Miss Marion Grossman, of Toronto, has returned after visiting her sister, Mrs. H. A. Usheroff, Querbes Avenue.

• • •

Cyril H. Hill has returned after spending two months in Winnipeg visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hill.

• • •

Miss Dorothy Caplin, Drummond Street, who is attending Harvard University, Cambridge, is expected home at the end of August.

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Mrs. M. Hollenstein, and son Carl, have left on a two weeks' motor trip to Toronto, Detroit and other points.

• • •

Mrs. A. H. Hillevitz, Richelieu Street, who spent a month at Old Orchard Beach, has returned, accompanied by Mr. Hillevitz, who spent a week there.

• • •

Miss Betty Gillman, Esplanade Avenue, has returned from a two weeks' stay at Trout Lake.

• • •

Mrs. Isaac P. Silverman left on a motor trip to Youngstown, Ohio, where she will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hershin.

• • •

Mrs. H. Abrahams and Mrs. P. Kaplan and children, Hutchison Street, have returned from Old Orchard Beach, Me., where they spent two weeks.

• • •

Mrs. S. K. Patterson, of New York and Mrs. S. Wise, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending a month with their sister, Mrs. H. Kronenberg, Park Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. [illegible] Park Avenue, has returned from a short stay at Cornwall.

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Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cohen, Esplanade Avenue, is spending some time in the country.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cohen and sister, Miss Rose Silbert, entertained at a reception and dance August 6 at their home, Esplanade Avenue, in honor of the marriage of their sister, Miss Lily Silbert, to Mr. Isaac Phillips, which took place in Leeds, England, on that day. House decorations were carried out with small pink and lace parasols. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kaganoff, Mr. and Mrs. M. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sohl, Mr. and Mrs. I. Bloom, Mr. and Mrs. M. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kaufman, and Misses Fanny Cohen, Edith Phillips, Kate Pearlman, Pearlman, Lillian and Edith Kaufman, Mr. Sack, Mr. Pearlman, Mr. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marks, Mr. Marks and Dan Cohen, Esther Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Sohl, Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Kaganoff, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Sohl, Mr. and Mrs. Bloom

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Helfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Helfield, took place on Sunday, August 10, in the Prince of Wales salon of the Windsor Hotel with Rabbi Herschorn officiating. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore an ivory satin and lace gown. Her veil of net and lace was in cap effect and she carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Rae Helfield, sister of the groom was maid of honor. Moe Feigenbaum was best man. Mrs. Ellis mother of the bride, was gowned in black lace with matching hat and wore a corsage of Columbia roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. Helfield, mother of the groom, wore a black lace gown with hat to match and corsage of Columbia roses and lilies of the valley.

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Cons-Kugelmass

The marriage of Sara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Kugelmass to Louis Cons, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cons, was solemnized Wednesday, August 6, at the Beth David Synagogue with Rabbi Laxer and Rabbi D. Plam officiating. The bride, who was given in marriage by her parents, wore a white satin gown of Princess lines with shoulder corsage of orchids. Her veil, worn in cap effect with clusters of orange blossoms, was of Chantilly lace and she carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Pearl Kugelmass, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and wore a pink appliqué net gown on long lines over a satin slip, with a cap of lace and shoes to match. She carried Ophelia roses. Harry Cons, brother of the groom, was best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Esther Kugelmass, sister of the bride, in matze chiffon, Rebecca Laxer in cherie red chiffon and Betty Cons, in green flowered chiffon. They all wore shoes to match their gowns and carried arm bouquets of Talisman roses. The groomsmen were Leo Weingarten, Sam Lauer, and [illegible] Caplan. The flower girls, Thelma Kugelmass, in pink georgette, and Lillian Laxer, in blue georgette, carried baskets of flowers. Douglas Kugelmass the page boy, wore a tuxedo. Mrs. Kugelmass, the bride's mother, was gowned in navy blue chiffon with hat and shoes to match. She wore a corsage of roses. Mrs. Cons, mother of the groom, wore a black chiffon gown with hat to match and a corsage of roses. Mrs. S. Kugelmass grandmother of the bride was gowned in black chiffon and wore a corsage of roses. Following the ceremony, a reception was held for 300 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Cons have left to spend their honeymoon at Ste. Agathe. Going away, the bride wore an ensemble of opaline blue with matching accessories. Out of town guests were Philip Miller Mr. and Mrs. Cons and Mrs. S. Cons all of New York City.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Bowman (née Rebecca Mendel), on August 7, at the Montreal Maternity Hospital, a daughter.

Strength training of using the early rising of seasons grows or stopping with the growing them

Y. M. H. A.

John Altmans, B.A., principal, is reorganizing the evening High School. Last year over twenty boys took the final examinations. The instruction in matriculation subjects will be given over a period of three years with a grade for each year. Registration for the High School will open shortly with a meeting on August 18 for all those who registered last. Results will be announced. Ad day evening, August 7th. Two additional staff members are being appointed for the three classes which will meet three times each week.

Six hundred and twenty people attended the second Annual Boat Dance of the Association held on the S.S. Rapids King, under the auspices of the Senior Club Council on Thursday last. At this meeting, the examination results under the direction of Sol Morris, played for dancing. Sam Robin was in charge assisted by Leo Liffshitz, Leo Kaufman, Max Krasnow and Louis Ungerleider.

Over two hundred members of the Urban Camp picnicked at St. Helen's Island last Tuesday as the guests of Alderman Seigler, who provided transportation to and from the island. Races and sports events were held. An exhibition baseball game was played by the counsellors. Arthur Saunders supervised the arrangements, assisted by Counsellors H. Schwartz, M. Leavitt and Ben Cossman.

MORE SCHOLARSHIPS REQUIRED

The Dufferin Educational Society which provides free High School Scholarships for Jewish boys and girls has received numerous applications and asks for further scholarship donations from societies or individuals. The value of each scholarship is $25, for the first year, $30 for the second year, and upwards. The Scholarships bear the name of the donors. The scholarship winners are coached in their studies and provided with necessities. The convocation date will be announced in a later issue of the Review. Further information from the secretary, Sarah Miller, Apartment 16, 5169 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, Walnut 5433W.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dr. I. Echenberg, of Montreal, who spent the past week-end in Sherbrooke, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Echenberg, Magog St., has returned home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Budning and family, London St., motored to Montreal for a few days, visiting friends and relatives.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenbloom, Quebec St., motored to Montreal over the week end.

* * *

Miss Bertha Livinson, of Montreal, is spending two weeks in town, a guest at the Magog House.

* * *

Louis H. Bernstein motored to Montreal for a few days.

* * *

Miss Frieda Rabinovich, of Westmount, motored to Sherbrooke over the week-end, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, Strathcona Sq.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vineberg, of Montreal, motored to Sherbrooke over the week-end and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, Montreal Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sa... Smith, Strathcona Sq., mot... Montreal for a few days and ... guests of Mrs. A. L. Rabino... Westmount.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jac... returned home after ... weeks at Old Orchard.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M... Robichaud St., accom... S. Samlack, motor... N. B., for a few ...

* * *

Al Abelson, of M... been visiting his ... for a few days here.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. ... Prospect St., motor... for a few days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sam... Drummondville, spe... Sherbrooke one day...

IN MEMORIAM

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Isfahan

An ancient legend recounted by Arabic writers and also by the great Armenian historian, Moses of Chorene, claims that the old Persian capital, Isfahan, was originally founded by some of the Jewish captives who were carried away by Nebuchadnezzar when that Babylonian monarch captured Jerusalem. According to the legend, these Jewish exiles took with them some of the soil of Jerusalem and some of the water of its wells and compared the weight of their specimens with that of the earth and water of every locality which they visited until at last in Persia they found land and water of the same weight and decided to settle down and at that point establish a city.

The legend, for a number of reasons, must be discounted and in all probability Isfahan is the site of the city of Aspadana, mentioned by Ptolemy, the name being connected with the name of Feridun which in ancient times held sway in that district. What is much more certain is that, hard by the site of Isfahan, in the third century of the common era when Shapur the Second ruled the Sassanid, a prosperous Jewish settlement was established as a suburb. At that time Isfahan had come to be called Jai Taron in the tenth century, during the Mohammedan David Alroy, Rukn-Addaula built a wall round the city and its Jewish suburb and renamed the two Isfahan.

Before the establishment of Islam in Persia the Jews of Isfahan enjoyed several periods of prosperity despite the efforts of some Persian monarchs who made strenuous attempts to crush all religions other than the official faith of Zoroastrianism. One of these kings, named Peroz, dealt harshly with the Jews of Isfahan as a result of an insurrection made against them of seizing murdered two Zoroastrian priests. It is said that Peroz put to death eighty-five of the Jewish upper population, seizing the orphans and raising them straight up as Zoroastrian fire-worshippers. Being sent to a land and being located in Media with the White Huns. There suffered his country and all his treasure.

During the rule of the Turks and the subsequent rule of the Mongol invaders, the Jewish citizens of Isfahan seem on the whole to have prospered considerably. Thus Benjamin Jechiel, [illegible] Jewish [illegible] Isfahan, [illegible] Jewish population of the city amounted to some fifteen thousand souls. The Mongol rulers had as its principal Minister of State a Jewish doctor, and Rabbi Sa'ad, who conferred great benefit by his able and prudent financial administration. He however incurred considerable envy and was accused of appointing a disproportionate number of Jews and Christians to government posts to the prejudice of Mohammedans. He was assassinated by conspirators when his monarch was lying seriously ill.

As time went on the condition of the Jews in Isfahan changed a good deal for the worse. When the Shiite sect of Islam developed considerable opposition to great moderation towards the Jews. The Persian ruler Shah Abbas the Great, pursued a vigorous policy of seeking to convert the Jews of Isfahan to Mohammedanism. This ruler, who was undoubtedly generous and who was [illegible] during [illegible] of any of his family who shared views of Mohammedanism.

His successor, Mirza showed little [illegible] to treat the Jews any more justly [illegible] the next Shah

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Humble observance of what you are and will intend to the truth your right to be a.—Writers in Education

Canadian Jewish Review invites correspondence on subjects of interest to the Jewish people, but disclaims responsibility for endorsement of the views expressed by the writers. All correspondence must be signed with the full name of the writer.

AUGUST 15, 1930 VOLUME VI, NUMBER 18

Abbas the Second, who reigned from 1641 to 1668, was an even more ferocious proselytiser. On the pretext that two Jews in Isfahan had bought jewels which had been stolen from the royal palace, the Shah gave orders for a massacre of the Jews which was partially carried out. It is true the responsibility for his brutality was largely the Grand Vizier's who was a virulent Jew-hater and a fanatical Moslem. This Vizier, after discovering that physical persecution only stiffened the Jews in their faith, issued a decree that Jews who became converted to Mohammedanism should receive a statutory gift of money. This policy was much more successful and a large number of converts were secured. It is narrated of the Shah Abbas the Second that he "mercifully" changed the system of blinding his relatives, substituting the extraction of the whole pupil for the previous method of passing a heated iron over the open eye! It would be strange to expect merciful treatment from such a ruler.

Steadily the condition of the Jews from the time of Abbas the Second became worse and worse. They were regarded as outcasts and fair game for every form of persecution. During the nineteenth century travellers in Persia described the appalling condition of the Jews in Isfahan who, if they appeared outside their ghettos in decent clothing, were hounded for daring to usurp the privileges of Mohammedans, and if they were seen in rags were pelted and chased by hooligans. Recently, however, there have been indications that better times may be in store for these Jews, although a political conspiracy in which one of the Jewish leaders was involved formed something of a setback in the betterment of their conditions.

MERCHANDISE STOLEN

Thieves, who entered the premises of S. Aber of 953 St. James street by breaking through the rear door sometime Monday morning between two and five o'clock, stole merchandise valued at $10,000. Detectives were notified and found a saw and a "jimmie" on the premises.

According to the detectives, the party or parties drove a truck into the lane in the rear of the clothing store. A forced entrance was apparently made into the premises through a rear door and suits and other clothing were loaded into the truck and carted away.

The theft was first discovered by the manager of the store on his entrance yesterday morning. He at once notified police of the Montfort street police station, who in turn notified the detectives. The latter, under orders of Inspector of Detectives Victor Foucault, are in charge of the case.

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The Street of Chains

By Lilian Lauferty

By Arrangement with Harper and Brothers.

(Continued from last week)

"I don't want to be made love to——"

"But you'll come to life again some day and want love. I'll be there when the time comes. You're not even nineteen yet and I guess you've gone through hell. . . . And it has frozen you somehow. . . . But you'll come out. I'll be waiting when you come out. I've always been your friend. Nothing has happened to change that. A fellow would almost say nothing had happened to change you."

Carlie looked at Steve gravely out of wide blue eyes that had no shadow in their depths except one of wonder that he could see so much and not see everything. It was outrageous to deceive him with this make-believe. It was infuriating that he did not see through the sham to the truth.

"I've always loved you, Carlie," Steve continued quietly. "Nothing has happened to change that."

"But something has happened!" she protested. "There is a wall between us, a wall of ideals and traditions. There are a million things to keep us apart, and it only needs this one: I don't love you."

"Nothing keeps us apart," he said, "except your not wanting me as I want you. And yet I thought that perhaps even without loving me you might see certain advantages in marrying me just now——"

"Not an advantage" she laughed suddenly. "I don't want advantages or help. I want to work this out myself. Oh, Steve, you don't know me at all or you'd see that the one gorgeous thing for me, the one thing I don't want changed, the one thing I'm thrilled by in the whole muddle is that I'm really in a chained street, just where the Gruenturms began centuries ago, and if I get out I'll know I'm a Gruenturm."

"But what is the use in going to prison merely to see if you can get out?" he protested. "Sometimes I think the Jews enjoy rousing a lot of prejudices and antagonisms just to find out if they can buck 'em. Why do you want to make everything so darn hard, Carlie?"

"Maybe Harkness and Delavans like to walk on flowers and loll on cushions. Gruenturms are happiest fighting their way up-stream and climbing mountains and breaking chains."

"Sure. I'm with you if the streams and mountains and chains are there to be conquered. But why hunt for the rough places and forge the iron links? And what's the use of discussing race and religion and ethnology; I want to talk about love.'

"I don't want to—talk about love."

"I want you to marry me."

"I don't love you. I won't marry you. Sometimes I think I don't even like you any more, Steve. . . . Sometimes I think I stopped liking you after Don went, after we sent him to his death——"

"We sent him into the war on wings," Steve reminded her. "That's how we felt then. It's how I feel now. I wanted to love and protect his little sister from her pain then. I want to protect and cherish her now. I wouldn't ask you—if I thought you were still thinking of the other man. But he's gone. Somehow I feel that he was never here. And I was always here. Always loving you—Carlie. Isn't it any good?"

Carlie pounded on the table in a sudden mad unaccountable little rage. "Not a bit. I don't like your loving me. I don't like anything in your attitude toward me. If you were furiously disgusted or jealous or even hated me, I could understand it. You ought to rather want to—beat me, and not quietly take me for granted, not just accept me and—Morgenstern's."

"I don't understand you at all," he said. "I believe you'd like it better if I condemned you. And I don't. I'm just sorry for you."

"You needn't be."

"No, I guess not," he said stiffly. "Shall we can the discussion and devote ourselves to the rest of our dinner?"

"I don't want any more dinner," Carlie said. "It's warm here."

"It is all-fired stuffy in here," Steve assented. "Maybe we'd better get out and walk down to your apartment. Or shall we take a taxi?"

"I'd rather walk."

She didn't want to be alone in a taxi with Steve. She had a sudden terrified sense that if she were alone with him in a dark and jolting car, she might put her head down on his shoulder and cry things out. She was not quite clear about what "things" were, but she knew she was lonely and terrified and hurt and that it didn't seem quite fair that Tress had love and a chance at happiness and that she had nothing but Morgenstern's. . . . They walked in silence through the crowded street, heavy with spring twilight and the twitter of life and love stirring with the sap of the wakening year. She tried to say good-bye to Steve at the entrance to the Amsterdam Avenue apartment; but he followed her doggedly across the broken yellow tiles of the foyer, into the creaking bronze darkness of the elevator, up to the long red velvet hallway of her floor. At the door of the Delavan flat, Steve took the key from Carlie's hand and fitted it into the lock. Then he came after her into the hall and stood looking down at her with his engaging Peter Pan smile.

"This is good-bye, Carlie."

"But not forever," she said perkily. . . . It was amazing how many things she had said tonight in tones she didn't in the least approve. It was as if a little imp sat on her shoulder directing an orchestra in her throat.

"Maybe forever!" he flung at her. "And I don't believe it would matter a whoop to you if you never saw me again . . . You don't even care how I come on with my spark plugs."

This was merely young; Carlie thought it tawdry, outrageous. She said coldly: "I hope your mica spark plugs make a fortune for you."

"You won't see me again until they do."

The air of the hall seemed to become sultry and sullen. Carlie did not speak; she had suddenly no words at all.

"You won't miss me," Steve said. "You don't need me. You don't need me at all, Carlie." It was a statement, but it sounded like a question. She answered it brusquely.

"No, I don't need you. I can see myself through. But if I couldn't, Steve, if I needed you terribly, it wouldn't matter. I don't love you. And if I loved you I wouldn't marry you. I wouldn't marry anybody but a Jew. I wouldn't desert my own race."

"That's pretty final, isn't it?" Steve spoke harshly. He essayed a laugh. A debonair laugh.

"Oh, it's absolutely final. I hope you'll accept it and never bother me again——"

"I won't 'bother' you. I'm through with you. I'm damned if I'll make a fool of myself any longer. I'm off. Out of your life. If you ever want me, you'll have to be the one to say so, and I'd come back from Siberia or Australia to serve you. Otherwise I'm through. It's no use." He went out and slammed the door.

Carlie leaned against the indifferent wood. "No use at all," she said. "First Grampa; then Don; next Tress, and now Steve."

She was quite alone; there wasn't even a friendly Margrave to help her out of her Street of Chains.

CHAPTER II

Lenox Avenue had found adventure and romance in buying hats from an eligible young man who looked like a Shepherd King of Israel and who could set a turban on a woman's head as if he were inviting her to try on his royal crown. The street did not take kindly to the new proprietor: Delavan was no sort of name for the owner of Morgenstern's, and if that little blue-eyed thing that looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth was smart enough to get around Joe and wheedle the store out of him, she would probably know how to charge plenty for the hats she had come to more or less free of charge. Joe had marked his hats five and eight dollars and let Lenox Avenue beat him down a quarter at a time until it came forth from the shop with a sense of triumph and a paper bag containing a choice bargain at four and a quarter or six seventy-five. He knew his neighborhood and his customers; when Carlie marked her hats three ninety-eight and six-forty nine, Lenox Avenue said that she was high and went across the street to Rappaport's General Store, whose millinery department was new and in charge of Jake, youngest of the Rappaport boys.

At the end of a year Miss Rabinoff the sales-woman who had been at Morgenstern's for more years than she cared to have the world remember, refused to accept a timidly offered cut in salary and went across the street to clerk for Rappaport's. She promised that her customers would follow her. They did. . . .

Carlie found that she could, and must, dispense with various members of Joe's expensive and none too friendly staff. On the evening when Uncle Fred dropped in at the half-darkened store at ten o'clock and discovered Carlie on her knees scrubbing the workroom floor he permitted himself a few harsh words:

"Do you know what a little fool you are? What a little stubborn damfool? You're running this business at a steadily increasing loss. Why don't you sell out to me? I'll tell you why you don't sell: you're still deathly afraid that the truth will come out and that folks will discover that the girl Joe Morgenstern addressed as 'darling' or 'sweetheart' in the few papers he left, had a name; you're thinking that a bill of sale might dig up the strange fact that the girl Sergeant Friedenbery knew as 'Miss Delavan' had a front name. So you go on your knees scrubbing floors and try to run a rundown business without money or experience——"

"I'm getting experience, Uncle Fred."

"Don't hide behind smart aleck remarks. I tell you this can't go on. You'll be bankrupt in a year."

"Is that a prophecy or a wish?"

"It's more than that. It's what you deserve. Why are you so silly and so stubborn? You don't fool me."

"I wouldn't try to fool anyone, Uncle Fred. This is my store and I like running it."

"Let me put some money into it then."

Carlie had shaken her head when Tress offered to put the Liberty Bonds in Joe Morgenstern's safe-deposit box into the Morgenstern business. She shook it again. She explained now, very much as she had explained to Tress, that it was really a magnificent thing to have a flourishing business, an established store passed to you like a piece of bread, given to you without your doing a thing to earn it. She would, she insisted, like to earn it after it was hers, to make it hers by putting something into it, and that something could not be anyone else's money.

"You've never wanted to let me do anything for you," Uncle Fred protested. "But this is different; you're actually afraid of me now. You'd rather scrub floors than let me help you, because you think that if I had money invested in the business I'd hang around and probably uncover the facts in this Morgenstern affair."

Carlie smiled. She tried to manage a glance that should convey amusement and scorn; what Uncle Fred had suggested was quite true and so had to be laughed away.

"Well, am I right?" he asked.

"Don't be so smug," she stormed. "Perhaps I could endure you if you weren't always so certain that you can't be wrong. Of course, you're not right. I don't want any of your money in the business because I don't want —your money. I don't want you hanging around my store because I don't want *you* around."

"Why, you impertinent little idiot, I believe you're trying to pick a quarrel with me."

This also was true. The only way to protect Tress was to get rid of Uncle Freddy; the only way to get rid of Uncle Freddy was to quarrel with him. "You asked for the truth and you've got it. Must I come out in words and ask you to leave me alone, to keep out of my store?"

No!" Uncle Fred boomed. "You don't have to kick me out, you ungrateful little vixen, you. No use trying to help you. You don't know a real friend when you see one. I'll get out of here and I'll stay out. And if you want me you can send for me. And maybe I won't come."

"I won't send for you," she said. "I don't send for people."

She had wanted to say that to Steve. But he had not given her time; he had slammed a door and rushed out of her life. Uncle Fred lingered for a moment, waiting. Then he too went away.

CHAPTER III

Tress found the Boston climate depressing and the people under the spell of the weather. She discovered that she was not a Wilton and that a Delavan did not fit neatly into the Puritan pattern. The long thin house with its high stoop, its austere brownstone front, its air of being contemporary with Plymouth Rock, its eight o'clock breakfast and its six-thirty dinner filled her with mournful determination to find some way of rebuilding life in New England nearer to her heart's desire. She had always wanted what the society columns called wealth and social position; they belonged inevitably to the wife of Richard Wilton; it seemed fair to suppose that in time they would come also to belong to her who had been Theresa Babette Delavan. It would, Tress saw clearly, be necessary to hold Dicky's love, to turn his half-patronising passion into adoration, to conquer the indomitable little old lady who refused to be the dowager Mrs. Wilton and continued to be Madam Wilton and the head of her household. Tress wrote blithely to Carlie of her joy in Boston; she tried to compel happiness by claiming it. She urged on Carlie and her own thought the idea that there had never been more than one obstacle in her path to the top of Beacon Hill, and that Carlie had removed it when she permitted the Wilton marriage to establish itself in a house free of disturbing memories. But though Carlie had laid the ghost of Joe Morgenstern for Tress, it was constantly Tress's task to cope with the amazing number of skeletons that emerged from the Delavan-Gruenturm cupboard to run amuck in the Wilton house.

When Tress and Dicky had been at home for a month, Madam Wilton spoke quietly one morning and with the air of settling the matter for all time: "Thérèse, I must ask you to come to the breakfast table in a civilised costume from now on."

Tress looked down at the green brocade breakfast coat and satin trousers Dicky had bought for her on the Board Walk. "I'm hyper-civilised, mother. A little too ultra for your taste, perhaps, but this breakfast coat is really terribly smart."

"Terribly," Madam Wilton said drily. "I desire the people who sit at my breakfast table to be slightly less —overwhelming. It is more than a matter of taste, Thérèse. There is custom at stake and perhaps morals. I do not wish Dana Rodman to find himself in a too exotic atmosphere when he comes from Cambridge to spend the week-ends with us. His mother is my sister's daughter; the boy is assured of proper home training. But his father is a Virginian. Dana is impressionable. We must see that the impressions he gains in our home are desirable."

"I thought I'd made a good impression on the lad," Tress said nonchalantly but with a sly glance at Dicky. She wanted him to be made aware of the fact that there was one person in Boston who did not share his mother's disapproval of his wife. "He wants me to chaperon a tea in his rooms next week and he's taking me to the races in New London next June."

"I doubt if my son will permit you to go to New London with Dana even if he is but a child and a kinsman," Madam Wilton said stiffly. "But that is a matter between you and Richard. We were discussing something else; to return to the coat: I must ask you not to wear it again. It is not a proper costume; I should scarcely consider it correct for the privacy of your own rooms——"

Tress interrupted with a tolerant and reasonable air: "But, mother Wilton, it is really the latest in breakfast coats and your own Richard gave it to me on our honeymoon."

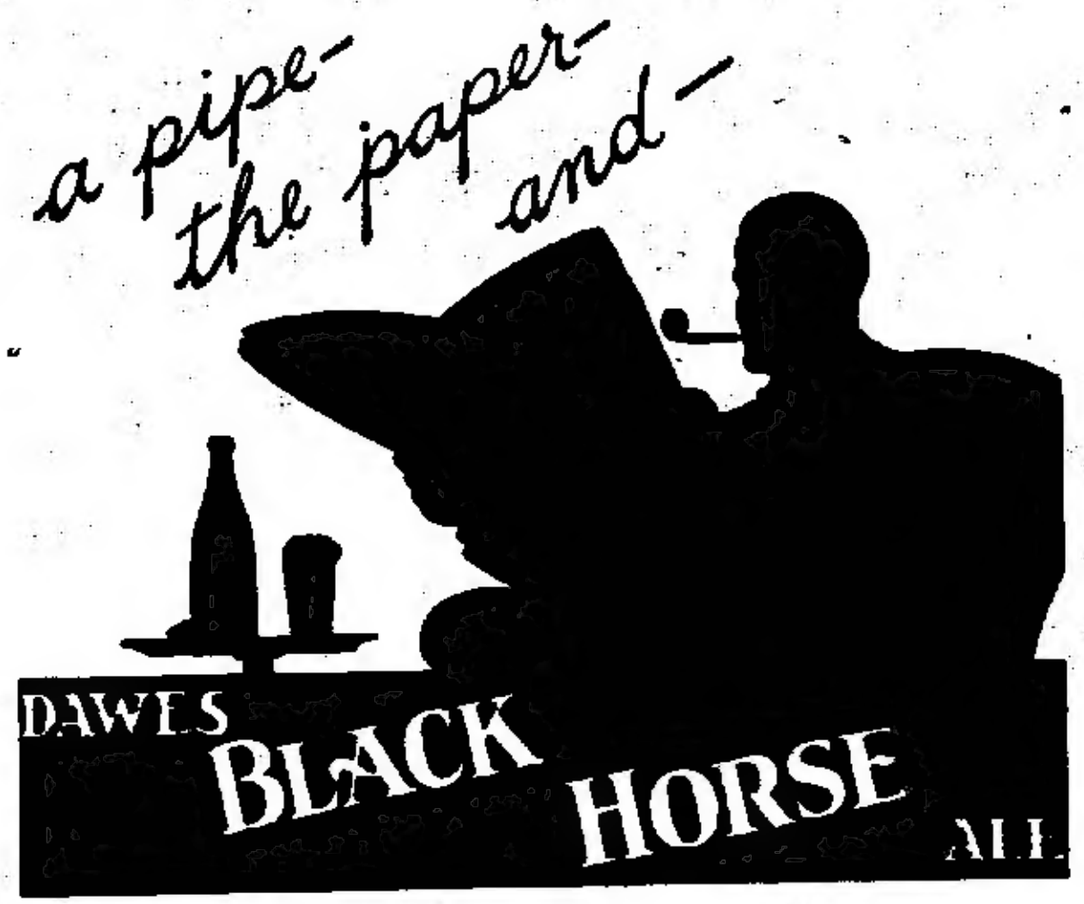
Madam Wilton smiled with thin lips that did not part for mirth. "My son's taste was never of the best."

Tress grinned ruefully. "Zowie! I can't dodge that one."

Madam Wilton rose. She laid her napkin down on the breakfast cloth without stopping to fold it. She looked out for a moment at the ice-bound ribbon of the Charles beyond the deep yard that curved from the bow of her dining-room windows to the esplanade of the riverbank. Made land, recovered from the sea, swamp and wilderness converted to man's use. She smiled at Tress with benignant and determined purpose; doubtless she was considering methods for the reclamation of her sons' wife.

"I must go to my rooms; Cook and Penniman will be there directly for their orders. The Emersons and Professor and Mrs. Mather and Roger Bradford and his fiancée, Mary Turnbull, are dining with us tonight. I suppose you will wear your white taffeta; that would be quite suitable,

(Continued on page 23)



A KEY OF EMERALD

By EDITH ALMEDINGEN

People did not trouble to guess things about Joseph Israelson, his slinking, shuffling gait, unkempt grizzly hair and beard, a shapeless cap drawn so low over the forehead that no one could gauge the expression of his eyes, his long, taloned fingers, perpetually busy with locks and keys—all these were sufficiently and obviously sinister. His profession, too, was equally obvious. The interior of his tiny shop, overburdened with miscellaneous junk, left no room for any guesswork. The little town had for years known him in the unavoidably sordid business of pawning and bartering.

Nobody knew where he had come from. His fallen-in, bloodless mouth would snap suspiciously whenever some novice of a customer as much as attempted a personal question.

"Come here to interview me, eh?" he'd snarl. "Well, keep off it! Three roubles for this watch, and not a kopeck more. Not enough? Clear out! I need some sunshine in my shop."

But, because—strictly within the limits of his profession—Israelson was no Shylock, and would not actually fleece anybody—at least, not flagrantly so—people tolerated his bad temper and frequented his shop.

And all went well—until Rachel Bronstein found herself in difficulties and decided to part with what cheap trinkets she had. Rachel Bronstein, plump, young, black-eyed and red-lipped, needed a pair of new dancing slippers; whilst her father, the butcher, held all such footwear to be a flimsy extravagance. Obviously—you could not go to a dance unless you were properly shod. Hence, a surreptitious visit to Israelson's.

Twilight was gathering when Rachel tiptoed down the unsavoury narrow street. When she reached Israelson's hovel, she halted as though seized with uncertainty. She had never been inside, but, having often met the old Jew in the streets, she quite definitely dreaded speaking to him. The chances were that he would "peach" on her to her father, and then—but the prospect of new silver slippers overrode all hesitation. Firmly clutching her tiny parcel with a hand which would not keep steady, Rachel stepped in.

Behind a tall, narrow counter Israelson sat, cleaning an ancient musket with some dirty oily rag. When he heard the girl enter he raised his black-capped head and grunted. Young ladies did not belong to the category of his usual customers.

"Good evening," lisped Rachel.

He stared at her without replying to the greeting.

"I have brought you something", she faltered. "I want some money."

Israelson pushed aside his musket.

"Let me see it," he jerked.

She unfolded her treasures. A tawdry garnet brooch, a brown cameo pin, a rolled gold bangle and a pair of cheap, imitation pearl earrings.

"These," she said timidly.

Israelson eyed them critically.

"How much d'ye want?"

The tone spelt discouragement.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "I thought you might give me five roubles for them."

The old man gestured contemptuously.

"Five—for this trash? D'ye come here to mock at me? Five, indeed! If I gave you one I'd run the risk of a loss. Five! Humph! Run away to your Nanny—you simpleton."

Rachel's underlip trembled.

"I—I'm sorry," She swallowed her breath, "I wanted five! Dancing slippers cost five. I want them so badly."

Israelson sniffed.

"Slippers—eh? Like to dance—do you?"

"I love it," she cried impulsively.

He looked at her scrutinisingly for a moment.

"You are Bronstein's daughter," he said. "Why don't you ask your father for the money? He's got plenty."

Rachel shook her head.

"Don't you know him? He's dead against all this. Extravagance, he calls it."

A pause fell. Israelson kept his eyes on the girl's face. She was certainly pretty. And young too. So terribly young that she did not mind bartering her undoubtedly cherished gew-gaws against a pair of fragile slippers to last but a couple of months at the most. A queerly twisted idea entered the Jew's mind. With an imperious sweep of the hand, he brushed the little glittering pile back towards the girl.

"Take them," he said, gruffly. "I—I might advance you the money. Let me see—what is your pocket allowance?"

"One rouble a month," she replied, wide-eyed and astounded.

"Can't get more out of the old one, can you?" he demanded shrewdly.

"N-no. He says it's far too much as it is."

Israelson laughed harshly.

"I reckon he is right. Scent and sweets and finery—that is where your cash goes. And what about boys, eh?" he added pryingly.

Rachel flushed.

"Well, you need not answer," he snapped, and turned his back on her. "Here, sign this paper. One rouble every other month you are going to pay me. That will leave you enough for fooling about with. Wait; how old are you?"

"Twenty," stammered the girl.

Israelson pursed his dry lips.

"Too bad! Can't advance money to minors! Well—promise not to breathe a w[illegible]."

"But——" she protested.

"That's all right," came his retort. "Have not done anything foolish for thirty years! You are young, my dear, terribly young.

He sighed as though he regretted her youthfulness. She stood still—like one fascinated by his half-screened, narrow, cunning eyes. With all her lack of experience she sensed that she should not touch the money so easily—so suspiciously offered. Yet Israelson continued looking at her and she feared to refuse. His stare was strange. It seemed to go right behind your own eyes and to read everything in your mind. She blushed furiously—trying to chase off ugly, sordid thoughts about ways and means of paying her debt. Her father's iron box had a very loose lock.

"Why do you refuse my trinkets?"—she tried to speak steadily.

"They are sheer trash, my dear—even though you love them. Take them back and what about those five roubles—eh?"

She wanted to say "no"—but her lips—all against her will—framed a barely audible "yes." He counted the greasy notes and pushed them towards her.

She said foolishly: "People think you are so harsh and bitter—old Joseph—then why do you do it?"

"You are very young." He shifted his body further away from the counter. "Don't believe all people say."

"But they think you are so poor."—she insisted—"And yet you have lent me this money."

"Poor!"—he sniffed the air—"Well—let them think I am poor. I could buy up the whole town if I wished. My dear—I have a key of pure emerald in my possession."

He stopped—like a man who had said too much, but she caught up his words eagerly.

"A key of pure emerald! Why—it must cost thousands and thousands! You might have a grand palace and you live in this hovel! A key of emerald! Oh!—Joseph—may I see it?"

"Some day—if you keep quiet about it,"—he retorted and changed his tone at once. "Now run along like a good little girl and buy your silver slippers.

* * *

Left alone—he forgot all about his musket and sat still—his thin taloned fingers cupping a sharp grizzly chin. The light of a small oil lamp fell on his face, touching it with a suggestion of something not merely grotesque, but unearthly.

"That she should have come to me,"—his thoughts beat the refrain again and yet again—"That she should have come to me! And called me 'an old man'! She—Rachel Bronstein! For three years have I watched her—remote and a stranger—passed her in the streets and she shrank from my eyes. They all do,"—he smiled—"They all do! Good for a few coppers is old Israelson and for nothing else! Well—let them think so! I am poor and harsh and bitter! What do I care? But she has come to me and will come again!"

He never moved, his unshaven, dirty chin cupped in those hands which could be, and often were, greedy and merciless and grasping. Sat there—lost in thought and fancies—each madder than the other—until his crippled housekeeper's raucous voice announced supper and he slid from his stool and shoved his cap still lower down on his forehead.

"Rachel Bronstein,"—he thought over his badly fried fish—"I will show you the key of emerald and it will win you."

And—after supper—he acted in a manner rather inconsistent with his vocation as a pawnbroker. He took the little I O U untidily and laboriously signed by Rachel, tore it into fragments and watched these disappear in the thin bluish flames of his meagre fire.

* * *

People were rash in labelling him "an old man." He imitated one and rather successfully, in his clothes, gait and manner; and he certainly looked far older than he was. Yet his actual years numbered barely two score and ten and under the agedness of his daily occupation smouldered a fire which would not have shamed a much younger man. That fire had made him fall in love with Rachel Bronstein, she scarcely eighteen at the time. People in the

(Continued on page 12)

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REALTY NEWS

N. S. Wolff sold to Miss C. Paquette part of lot No. 1673, St. Andrew's ward, measuring 22½ by 198½ feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 1433, 1435, fronting on St. Matthew street, for $11,000.

H. P. Scanlan sold to E. Kahan et al. lots Nos. 36-320, 321 Clyt of Outremont measuring 52 by 95 feet, without buildings and fronting on Wiseman avenue, for $1.00 and other good considerations.

H. Solomon et uxor, sold to Mrs. L. Geller, southeast half of lot No. 11-383, St. Michael ward, measuring 25 x 84 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 5697, 5699, fronting on Clarke street, for $5,500.

L. Cantor et al sold to H. Guttman lot No. 14-159 Laurier ward, measuring 25 x 107 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4611 to 4615, fronting on Esplanade avenue, for $11,500.

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Health Service

CANCER IN WOMEN

The question is sometimes asked as to whether more harm than good results from articles on cancer. We are told that through reading these articles, people are needlessly worried, and that a number of them go to their doctors in fear of cancer, who have no real cause for their fears. We, however, can place against this statement, the number who, because of what they have learned, have gone for treatment in the early stages of the disease, and who have been cured.

With our present knowledge, it is possible, to a great extent, to reduce the number of deaths from cancer, providing cases come under treatment early. It is obviously impossible, however, for physicians to go out and look for such cases; the patient must come to the physician.

If every person were to go to his doctor regularly, once a year, for a health examination, this would allow for the detection of many early cases. That is one of many reasons why the periodic health examination is a good habit that should be cultivated by every one—men as well as women.

Failing the health examination, what brings the woman to her doctor? Symptoms. The earliest signs and symptoms should therefore prompt every woman to consult her doctor. The early symptoms of cancer are the same as those occurring in other conditions, and the physician will decide as to what the actual condition is.

More than one-third of all cases of cancer in women develop in the uterus. We do not know the cause of cancer, but we do know that chronic irritation predisposes to its occurrence. During childbirth, injury to the lower end of the uterus—the cervix—is not uncommon. If such injury is not properly repaired, there is a part subjected to chronic irritation which apparently predisposes to cancer, as it is in the cervix that most cancers of the uterus begin.

The attention of women is frequently and rightly drawn to the need and value of pre-natal care. We would like to add that post-natal care is about the best form of life insurance for any woman. By post-natal care, we mean proper medical and nursing care after the birth of the child, and, as a part of that care, an examination by the physician, after a period of some weeks, to determine if all the parts are normal or if any treatment is indicated.

Proper post-natal care and prompt attention to any discharge or irregular bleeding, particularly after the menopause, will do much to control cancer of the uterus. A complete examination by a physician is the way to secure such care and attention.

If, in addition to the above-noted points, women would promptly consult their physicians about any lump on, or discharge from the breast, there would be a different story to tell about cancer. Early treatment of cancer is successful in a large percentage of cases. The real problem is to bring cases under treatment early, and the solution of that problem rests with the patient.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

A MATTER OF IDEALS

Old Yosel was begging along a business street in a Jewish neighborhood. A stranger in the city stood and watched him for a time, noticing that he spoke with friendliness to most of the people who passed. Finally an elderly woman paused before Yosel and engaged him in a long conversation. When she moved away from him the stranger went up to her curiously.

"Do you know that beggar personally?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman, "he's my mother's cousin."

"Ah," murmured the stranger, "that's too bad. Hasn't he any children who can help him?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered the woman, "but Yosel—well, you see—he wants to be independent."

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Noah's Shabos

By MOLLIE H. SOSNIK

Noah the shoemaker was far from comfortably, materially. God had given him a wife, bless her, and each year or year and one-half a souvenir in the form of a new babe. Now that sixteen years of wedded life had passed him, their imprints were left in his brood of ten.

There was his first born, Yankele, by now a lad of fifteen. He was quite well provided for. Since his bar mitzvah, Yankele had been apprenticed to Moshe the tailor. While not yet doing the actual sewing, he was well advanced in that art, having gone through the required preliminary courses to a satisfactory degree. He had already carried the refuse from the house, had done more than his allotment of sweeping, peeling of potatoes when occasion demanded it —and that was mighty often. His hands still ached from the constant rocking of the baby, who, to Yankele's diagnosis, was a positive victim of advanced insommia; he had completed his course of errands for the sharp-tongued Mindel, Moshe's wife, who had an unusual gift of memory to recall what she had forgotten just when he returned from his errand. He had even done with hearing her everlasting lamentations of Fate that had sent her, the belle and much sought for maid, to the altar with Moshe the shlimazel (ne'er-do-well). Yes, Yankele was quite well advanced in sewing, for he was already entrusted with pulling out the bastings and, who can tell but what before long he might be threading a needle? At any rate, Yankele was provided for and, what was more important, his board was taken care of by Moshe, and that meant one mouth less for Noah to feed.

Next to Yankele came Shlomele. Here Noah stopped hammering long enough to scratch his head in perplexity. A heavy sigh escaped him. Shlomele's bar mitzvah was due about Pesach time. The month of Kislev (corresponding to December) had already set in and with it the severe wintry weather. That meant coal, wood and warm clothing for his family. He reviewed his resources, mentally. The coat he had gotten for his wedding day had already undergone many stages of metamorphosis; it had served him faithfully for many a year, after which it was made over, by Dinah's busy hands, for Yankele. Then Yankele had outgrown it and it was patched and made to fit Shomele, who by now not only wore a coat but a network of patches as well. After Shlomele had outgrown it there was nothing more to pass on unless the individual array of patches in their various stages of development for they no longer had any body material to hold them together. Noah again went over his wardrobe resources. Beside his Shabos frock he had nothing but the threadbare coat he wore on week-days; nothing which Dinah's deft fingers could turn over for the children. His thoughts traveled on to the coal-bin. With a pang he recalled having shoveled up the last pail that evening; the pantry shelves were empty. Shlomele had to be prepared for his bar mitzvah; it was a matter not to be trifled with. Shlomele was coming into his own; soon he would open up his own account with his Maker . . . It was Noah's duty, as a father, to have Shlomele taught to make honorable entries in that account. A melamed (Hebrew teacher) had to be engaged and that meant he had to be paid. One could dispense with many foods (how well Noah knew that) but, teaching the young, that was indispensable. Yes, the melamed must be paid in order that Shlomele should be taught what a good Jew must know. Noah must earn more, he must work harder.

As if determined to carry out his decision he resumed hammering with redoubled vigor. He worked with his hands, but his mind was free to roam on. After Shlomele came Brindele, just eleven and a little lady. Just like her mother, she was always bustling about, always helping, mother's right hand. With a sinking heart he remembered having seen her bare toe protruding out of her torn shoe and stocking. "All shoe-makers go bare-foot" he mumbled to himself. He had leather and made shoes for everyone except his own flesh and blood.

Next came Rezele, ten, and, in turn, Brindele's assistant. Ever since the cold spell had struck them, Rezele had not stepped outside the doorstep. She had no coat to shelter her from the cold.

Davidel was eight and already learning Tanach; Abramele was five and as smart as a whip; he actually had the mind of a grown-up. Dvorele was three and speaking every word, not one word did she fail shy in her vocabulary; Nahumke was two and trotting about like a soldier; Shimele was just six months old, a babe at the breast. Signs of his greatness were already apparent, he could recognize each member of the house-hold and followed them with his eyes. Last, but not least, was his Dinah. What a wife! What a patient soul his Dinah, always working, working, working to keep the wolf from the door.

Just this evening at supper (of sweet tea and bread) Dvorele had asked for butter on her bread. What children will think off! Where had she seen butter? To his mind now came Dinah's remarking that the children's clothes were going to pieces, no longer had what to hold the patches together. If only God could send some help. Could he, Noah, do any more? Work later than one at night? Rise earlier than at dawn? He'd have to work by candle light then, and that cost money.

The clock was now striking eleven. Noah's day of work had begun, as usual, at daybreak. Quite against his will, his eyes began to close. Putting down his hammer and nails, he started for the kitchen which at night was converted into a sleeping-room. He tip-toed up to the water and washed his eyes; The fools! They thought he had rested them and were ready to start working anew. He glanced about him. Dinah lay exhausted, asleep from sheer fatigue. The children were curled up under the covers, old coats, rugs, everything available. The smiles on their sleeping faces betrayed their pleasant childish dreams. Noah stepped up quietly to the fire, which needed replenishing. Stooping down to take a shovel of coal from the last remaining pail, he caught himself in the nick of time. Sleeping under the covers kept his dear ones warm enough; the coal could be used at a more urgent time. Finally he tiptoed back to his work-room; took up his hammer and nails and again the beat of the hammer resounded through the house.

Noah had one consolation in his hard drab life, one respite which his that no one could take from him. That was Shabos. "Dinah," he said said to his wife after their nuptial, giving her an affectionate squeeze. "Whatever you do, however you manage; put away a little each day for Shabos. Remember, Shabos the bride and Israel the groom. We must receive our bride in fitting manner, greet her with feast and happiness. All our worries, all our cares we must leave behind with the week days. Shabos must be met carefree and gay. Whatever the weekly rations are, those of Shabos must be elaborate." And Dinah, like the good wife a true Jewish daughter should

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be, fulfilled his request faithfully. Everyday she put a bit away for Shabos; never did she yield to the temptation of taking some, not in her greatest need. "What if the ration is a bit meagre?" she would ask in answer to a complaint of one of her brood. "Eating is just a habit. Who says we must fill our stomachs to capacity? That's a job for the rich. For want of something better to do they take to filling their stomachs. But we, thank God, have other work to do beside filling our stomachs," she would conclude raising her eyes heavenward in praise to the Almighty for giving them better work to do.

"But mother," the child persisted, "I do want just a little bit of butter on my bread." A shadow flitted across Dinah's face. Poor children! It was their luck to be born to Noah and Dinah! Had they been born to rich parents, how different would have been their lots. But the shadow was only fleeting. Wishing to recompense them for their material wants she said tenderly. "Come children, I'll tell you a nice little story." At once all the children gathered about her. She began with the story of a little boy who very, very poor, who did not even have enough bread to eat. How that boy struggled, how despite his hard life this boy set himself to learning God's Torah. Year followed year, still the boy studied and studied; until he grew up to be a very learned man. How God then rewarded him for learning by sending him a huge fortune. How ever after this one-time poor boy had plenty to eat and never forgot the poor about him. "If you will learn God's word," she would end her story, "You too will be well rewarded." Her aim had been achieved. The children's thoughts had been turned from butter to the poor boy who had become rich. They now dreamed and visioned a time when they too would become rich and have plenty to eat.

Of all the week days, Friday was the busiest in Dinah's house-hold. Almost at dawn Dinah would rise and knead her bread. After it had risen she covered it with a white cloth, thrust her hand under the cloth and pinched off a piece of that dough. Then with a reverent feeling she began murmuring a prayer. When she finished she put the piece of dough into the fire. Little five-year old Hannahle, who had seen her mother throw the dough into the fire, could control herself no longer. "Mamma" she asked "Why did you throw that into the fire?" Dinah's eyes assumed a wistful expression as she answered, "That, my child, is in memory of the days when Jews still had our Temple, when we were still a people upon our own land. We then had our Kohamin who devoted themselves to the Temple only to whom we had to bring out offerings of everything we ate, so that these Kohanim and their families would have that to live on. But since we were driven from our land and our Temple destroyed, our Kohanim no longer tend to the Temple and we no longer bring them our offering. In order that we should not forget our duty to our Kohanim, we keep up the practice of taking off a part for them, so that when God wills it and we are again returned to our land and our Temple we will not have forgotten. We must never use the part for the Kohanim but burn it in the fire." Hannahle listened attentively, but was not impressed. The story was all very well, but the dough, she felt, could have been moulded into so many different shapes and forms, by her little hands.

All day Friday Dinah worked about the kitchen. Her cheeks aglow from the heat of the oven, her step light and hurried, she bustled about from one thing to another. An hour before sundown Dinah commenced scrubbing and dressing her children. "Hurry" she would say as she urged to use liberably the hated soap and water, "Shabos should be met in clean attire." Handing one a clean dress, another a blouse, she assisted them in donning clothes that made one doubt whether they would survive another washing.

Noah too began his Shabos preparations. With his hammer and nails he also put away his cares and worries. As though by magic the wrinkles on his forehead smoothed out. "To-night was Shabos' kept hammering in his head. Tonight he was host and Shabos was his guest.

Half an hour before sun-down Dinah donned a spotlessly white kerchief on her head, tied it under her chin, walked up to the candles in their shining candle-sticks and began lighting the candles. One by one the flames began to flare out, one by one they lit and proclaimed the arrival of Shabos. Shading her eyes with both her hands, she began murmuring, almost under her breath, a prayer. The children waited in expectancy. Soon she stepped a few steps backward and called out gayly "Good Shabos."

"Good Shabos" was the rejoinder that came from a chorus of throats. Soon Noah began putting on his coat, changed his yarmulke (skull cap) for his hat, took his older boys by their hands, and was off to shul (synagogue). Dinah's motherly eyes followed them with pride, as she murmured, "Thank God for that."

Presently the door again opened and Noah and the boys entered. "Good Shabos" they called merrily only to have their greeting returned by Dinah and the other children. Even Nahumke, the baby, gurgled something which Dinah's motherly intuition interpreted as a very coherent "Good Shabos." Noah took his coat off, replaced his hat by his yarmulke and taking Abramele by one hand, and Hannahle by the other, he began pacing back and forth. Noah had now undergone a complete metamorphosis. His lined careworn face was now smooth and beaming with happiness; his strained expression had given away to one of leisure and security; his bent shoulders were now straight, his gait light and carefree. And what wonder? He, Noah the shoe-maker was host to the same guest as Reb David the gvir (rich man). A smile of contentment clothed his face as he looked about him. The cloth was dazzling white; the chalos (loaves of white bread) boasted of their successful rise even under cover of the white napkin, the outline of their intricate braiding could be easily discerned. And no wonder. These were not the first chalos that his Dinah had braided, for she was not a house-wife of a day. The wine shone crystal clear in the light of the candles whose flames danced capriciously; the small silver wine cups, which had been given them as a wedding gift, glistened and stood grave sentinels about the wine. The over-worked careworn face of his Dinah, who ordinarily never had a moment's time, now looked rested and contended. She, who could never spare a moment now sat at leisure, playing with the baby. All about her were the children, clean and happy. Noah sighed with happiness. Gripping the children he was holding, more firmly, he paced lightly back and forth calling loudly and whole heartedly "Sholom Alechem, Malache Hasholom, Malache Elyon, Mimelech Malche Hamlochim Hakodesh Borchu." The walls too, contracted the spirit. They answered "Sholom Alechem Malache Hasholom, Malache Elyon, Mimelech Malche Hamlochim Hakodesh Borchu."

The whole atmosphere vibrated with "Sholom Alechem, Malache Hasholom, Malache Elyon, Mimelech Malche Hamlochim Hakodesh Borchu."

There are people to whom the world is one day brilliant with sunshine and the next day sombre with shadows, and it is absurd to ignore this difference as it is to ignore the changes of weather.

How many good but mistaken friends love to tell us what martyrs they are! They are the cause, not the effect, of martyrdom.

A wise man who does not assist with his counsels, a rich man with his charity, and a poor man with his labor, are perfect nuisances in the common wealth.

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A KEY OF EMERALD

(Continued from page 8)

town voted him an unpleasant and sinister man and went no further in their judgments. He doled out much needed coins in exchange for what trash they brought him. He answered no questions and asked none. If no great asset to the community, he did not disturb it to any great extent. It was whispered offhandedly and casually that pawnbroking came as a side issue with him, but he paid his rates and taxes like any other law-abiding citizen and police did not trouble him. And, certainly, none would have believed their ears if they had it told them that the dirty skunk of a shabby, petty pawnbroker had fallen in love with the daughter of the wealthy and very much respected butcher that Isaac Bronstein was.

"Pineapples are no fit food for monkeys"—would that worthy have said if the rumour had reached him.

Israelson admitted that much himself; and his plans, laid carefully and deliberately, did not provide for an official visit to the great butcher's house. Nor—let him be given his due—did he map out a detailed scheme for abducting Rachel. He waited until she should come to him. And she did.

The mere fact of seeing her there—in his shop—young, pretty and alluring—may have affected his habitual caution. He should not have breathed a word about his emerald key. The girl might let it out. People would multiply his possessions to an immensity and authorities might follow with stringent demands of an increased income tax. He could not explain to them about his emerald key. He might do so—to the woman who loved him.

Rachel! She of his race! He thought that the time must come when he would begin to consider his present surroundings and condemn them as having outworn their purpose. But that time was not come yet. Let him wait and hold his emerald key.

A year went by. The debt had been paid—surreptitiously—instalments brought in by a maid of Isaac Bronstein's. Rachel never came. Israelson shaved his chin, trimmed his nails and sported a new lounge suit—all to no purpose. The narrow streets knew the girl no more. He must have frightened her. Still he waited—plodding on in his trade which seemed suddenly futile and worthless.

The first peal of thunder came when Zaller, the tailor, walked into his shop, urging some charity subscription or other.

"I have no spare money," answered Israelson drily.

The little tailor became suddenly insistent.

"Come on, old Joseph! Quit kidding me. The whole town knows you are rich."

"Do they—indeed?"

"Well,"—the tailor shrugged—"You've got jewels, anyway. Why not sell your emeralds?"

"Who told you I have any?"—Israelson's voice was mingled with fire.

Zaller gestured eloquently.

"Why! Everybody says so! Have you not got an emerald key or some such thing?"

For the sake of Rachel—he did not want to burst out with a definite denial.

"And if I have—what is that to do with anyone? Clear out, Zaller!"

But the incident gave him an idea. In the afternoon, he rang the brass bell at the Bronstein house.

"Where is Rachel, Isaac"—he began without any preliminaries—"I want to marry her."

"So,"—the fat dark-bearded butcher stroked his chin amazedly. "Rachel is in Warsaw with her Aunt Emma! Learning to manicure—she is. I saw her the other week, Joseph. A smart girl she is—terribly smart! And she will have money, too! So—you want to marry her."

"I do,"—replied Israelson mechanically.

Bronstein leant forward across the table. His small black eyes glistened.

"You are an old man, Joseph—and she is young."

"I am fifty"—retorted Israelson. "Bring her back fom Warsaw and I will ask her."

"But I have paid a big premium for her training, Joseph"—he smiled shrewdly—"and though I am a rich man—I have no emeralds to sell."

Israelson ignored the last words.

"Tell me you have nothing

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" 19	Empress of Scotland	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 20	Duchess of Bedford	Liverpool
" 21	Montclare	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 22	Athenia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
" 22	Ascania	London: Plymouth, Havre
" 23	Laurentic	Liverpool
" 26	Empress of France	Southampton: Cherbourg
" '27	Duchess of York	Liverpool
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" 21	Bremen	Bremen: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 21	Berlin	Bremen: Southampton, Boulogne
" 21	Albert Ballin	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 22	Olympic	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 22	Lancastria	London: Plymouth, Havre
" 22	Karlsruhe	Bremen: Boston, Galway
" 23	Rotterdam	Rotterdam: Plymouth, Boulogne
" 23	Augustus	Genoa: Gibraltar, Naples
" 23	United States	Copenhagen: Christiansand, Oslo
" 23	Laconia	Liverpool: Boston, Cobh
" 23	Baltic	Liverpool: Cobh
" 23	Minnekahda	London: Plymouth, Boulogne
" 23	Belgenland	Antwerp: Plymouth, Cherbourg
" 23	Drottningholm	Gothenburg

against it,"—he rose—"and I will go to Warsaw and ask her."

Yet Bronstein meant to get to the bottom of the town gossip.

"I cannot let her marry a poor man, Joseph, whether he be young or old," he said impressively. "So now tell me—is it true that you possess such fine emeralds that, if you so willed, you might live in a grand palace?"

Israelson winced. Those were the same words Rachel had used. It hurt. He replied evasively, rising as if to go:

"I have a key of emerald, Isaac." He added, as an afterthought: "Once, I spoke to Rachel outside my shop. She knows."

The burly fat butcher rose, too.

"If you like, go to Warsaw. I will write to my little Rachel."

A week later Israelson travelled to Warsaw. Emnia Bronstein, fat, bejewelled and impressive, met him with the warmest of welcomes. She had had a letter from her brother-in-law and ushered Rachel into the stuffy, over-curtained parlour almost immediately upon Israelson's arrival.

Rachel was still lovely, but definitely changed. She favoured loud colours in her clothes and her lips and finger-nails were tinted rather too unnaturally. Yet her shyness was the same and she would not shake hands with Joseph. Her deep velvet eyes seemed to ask him whether he had come to frighten her again.

"Rachel,"—he cleared his throat—"I have loved you since the day, now four years ago, when I first saw you—fresh from school. And I have been to see your father and he did not mind my coming to Warsaw. I still love you—though you betrayed my secret——"

"The emerald key," she whispered, "I am so sorry . . . I just told it to a schoolfellow and she chattered and it spread. I am sorry."

"I am glad," broke in Israelson. "Yes—I am glad that it did spread! You see—this made it possible for me to go to your father. A poor, struggling pawnbroker is like mud in a gutter. A wealthy man may do anything he pleases, even live in a gutter."

"But why do you—Joseph?" she cried incisively. "Why do you go on pretending you are poor?"

He did not answer, but stood—fixing his eyes on her and again—as once before—she felt their power sweeping through every nook and cranny of her mind and she blushed.

"Rachel," he said quietly, "I am much older than you—but—do you—can you—will you try and love me?"

In her turn she gave no direct answer at once and her slender, restless fingers began playing with a rope of cheap red beads round her neck.

"I believe I might," she said at last, and a terrific doubt smote Israelson lest she was telling him but fragmentary truth. "I believe I might," she repeated and then, raising her face, she asked:

"And you will tell me all about the key of emerald?"

Again he winced, looking down on her. Seated in a corner of a crimson plush sofa—she appeared a child and a woman at once, bold and timid, rebellious and submissive. He pretended not to hear her question and bent his dark, slightly silvered head over her. She did not resist his kiss but her lips remained almost incongruously unsmiling.

"Joseph,"—she wrestled her still slender supple body out of his arms—"I will give you my youth and my love—but——"

"Yes," he whispered, his lips almost touching her fragrant black hair.

"But you must not be secretive! You must tell me about your key of emerald—will you? You know I am not poor—you were so generous to me—once, and you did promise to tell me—you did." She peered into his face.

"I will, Rachel."

"Before you marry me?"

"Before I marry you," he repeated solemnly.

And she decided: "You will come to-morrow and tell me! I must write to Poppa—you see! You will?" she pleaded.

"I will," he echoed like a man in a dream.

That evening Israelson sought his shabby second-rate hotel more like a refugee than anything else. His heart ached for his own foolishness and yet he could not conquer it. Love had come to him like a terrible devastating disease and, for all his mighty powers, he knew he could not cope with it. All his life long he had walked along lonely secluded by-ways, choosing the least attractive profession—merely because no Jew but had to work if he wished to live in Russia and pawnbroking he chose—thinking it would harden him and render him proof against the wiles of woman. And now this smiling full-lipped chit of a girl had passed—working a havoc. The girl who was her father's daughter through and through, who had listened to his wooing solely and only on the strength of a generous loan in the past and some glittering prospects in their joined future! Yet—in spite of all his shrewdness and training and knowledge of things deeper than the surface of life, Joseph Israelson knew he loved her—to the extent of laying his precious emerald key before her who, most likely, would never begin to understand.

Lying awake through the interminable hours of the long winter night, Joseph thought:

"Aye—there are other lures I might hold out to her! But she has asked for the emerald key and she shall have it."

* * *

He came next day. Rachel cast a questioning glance at his hands. He smiled cryptically, divining her thoughts. "Your feelings for me might have gone to the extent of producing the emerald key to-day. Can't you have mercy on my impatience?"—cried her dark eyes to him, but he said nothing.

And then, suddenly and misleadingly shy, she waited for him to speak. She coughed and rearranged her glass beads; but for quite a spell Israelson sat silent, staring at his extraordinarily well-polished square-toed boots. He was really searching for apt words. These came with difficulty. It was quite a different thing to discuss the subject with those who knew. But Rachel coughed again and he took the plunge—remembering nothing but the burning truth that he loved her.

"My dear—it might be a little difficult for you. I'd better be frank with you; that miserable pawnbroking shop of mine is a smokescreen. Had to have one. As you know—no Jew may live in Russia unless he follows some trade or profession. So I chose pawnbroking. And I had to be gruff and snappy when people came, who tried to pry into my life. I will explain why later. Also, I will tell you what my other work is. But you want first to know about the emerald key,"—he puckered his well-lined forehead.

"Yes, Joseph," she murmured, wondering why he persisted in looking away from her. She would have been astonished still more if she could have read his thoughts.

"I must not look at her, must not influence her in any way. She must come to me of her own free will—believing that she will grow to love me some day."

And aloud he continued. "My dear, I will not go into details which might scare and bewilder you. There is a thing in this world which is open to all men, but which few care to have. It is a knowledge of things ordinarily hidden. You come into it slowly and gradually. It requires years of training. Your will and all the rest of you must be carefully trained, disciplined, made responsive. When this is done, you enter into the possession of such knowledge. It can work wonders and miracles. It can open to you doors everybody considers shut. It can—if properly exercised—lift you far above the rest of the world. I am but a Jew of no high caste, but I have been so trained. When my father was a poor pedlar in Hungary he left me in the care of some people there who brought me up to be what I am. It is a wonderful, magnificent thing, my dear——"

Rachel listened, her very red mouth yawning occasionally. At last she laid a well-shaped hand on Israelson's shoulder.

"Joseph, forgive me! I cannot understand. Why do you not tell me about the key of emerald?"

"But this is the key, my dear," he answered patiently, "this knowledge of hidden——"

Rachel gave him no time to finish. Suddenly, dramatically, vulgar and tigerish, she sprang to her feet.

"So," rang her high-pitched voice, "so you come mocking at me, Joseph Israelson? So you come—wooing me—Bronstein's daughter—with money of her own, telling her children's fables! Ah! but I will write to Poppa and they will 'pogrom' your dirty little shop! You will rue the day you dared to raise your eyes to me! Emerald key, indeed, you slinking, dirty, old pawnbroker! Ah, that was your little scheme when you bribed me with your filthy money! Get the richest girl in town by palming on to her silly old fables! Emerald key! Love you; Old enough to be my father. Love my money—you do! Aunt Emma—Aunt Emma! Aunt Emma!" The terrific outburst ended in a hysterical weeping.

Aunt Emma happened to be out; but, even so, Israelson did not move for a moment. The temptation came to him to use all the powers in his possession to compel this angry, blatantly vulgar girl to stop her vociferations and to come to him—because, oddly enough, he still loved her. But he would do none of these things, and, with a last look at her bent, curly head Israelson walked out of the room.

* * *

His little shop was not "pogromed," although Rachel roused her father into a fury of anger. Israelson was not back from Warsaw, and Bronstein hurriedly informed the police that the pawnbroker was known to carry on some illicit work. Whilst they were waiting for a warrant to search the shop, news arrived that Israelson had escaped to Germany, and Rachel sighed more freely. Something within her reproached her for that unbridled outburst in her aunt's parlour.

(Continued on Page 15)

YOUR INVESTMENTS

Corporation News

BRAZILIAN TRACTION

The investment house of Belisha & Co. London, England, makes the following comment on Brazil and Brazilian securities:

"Another unpleasant development has been the renewed weakness shown by Brazilian securities. The fall in this group was provoked by a statement from Rio that Brazil will in the next few months, be facing the most serious financial period in its history following a further decline in coffee prices. Rumor has it that as the outcome of conferences between the president-elect, Dr. Trestes (who is at present in London), and bankers in New York and London, the Brazilian Government will cease to support the milreis, and will instead, let it find its true level in foreign markets."

DOMINION BRIDGE

In addition to the important contracts recently closed by Dominion Bridge, which have resulted in increased activity at the company's main plant at Lachine, the local Street continues to hear reports of other large-sized orders on the way. To these is ascribed the recent outstanding strength shown by the stock, which had previously been depressed to low levels during the last period of heavy liquidation.

LAKE SUPERIOR CORPORATION

Business will improve this fall, in the opinion of W. C. Franz, head of the Algoma Steel Corporation, Sault Ste. Marie, who has been in Montreal on a visit.

"Business has been bad with us" said Mr. Franz, "because most of our trade is in steel rails. Railway earnings have been down and therefore, the railways have not bought steel rails. This is the quiet season, of course, but things have been unusually quiet with us."

"However, I look for things to improve within the next 30 to 60 days." Mr. Franz would not comment on the change of government.

MAPLE LEAF MILLING

While the export business of mills both in Canada and the United States has been drastically reduced during the crop year just closing, the Maple Leaf Milling Company has felt the effect of this and the company will close the current year in a sound liquid position. While figures will not be available until after the fiscal year closes, evidently earnings will show a marked decrease from last year, which was a high record in the company's history, but will compare favorably with the average of recent previous years.

INTERNATAIONAL PAPER

International Paper Co. has shut down the mill of the Waterway Paper Products Co., which it acquired recently, and has transferred the newsprint ton-

(Continued on page 15)

Asbestos Bondholders Meeting Again Postponed For Lack of Proxies

A CONSIDERABLE increase in the number of proxies received by the committee was reported at the meeting of Asbestos Corporation 6% general mortgage bondholders, held this week in the assembly room of the Royal Bank Building. Bonds represented in person and by proxy amounted to $2,330,400 compared with $1,272,000 at the previous meeting, out of a total of $4,196,700 or slightly more than 50%. As the representation fell short of the 65% necessary to adopt the resolution approving the offer of the management to extend payment of the interest, which was due on July 1st to the end of the year, the meeting was again adjourned until Aug. 28th next, at the same time and place.

A letter being sent to bondholders urging them to forward proxies as soon as possible, was read to the meeting.

It was explained to the meeting by the chairman: George H. Montgomery, K.C., that as the period of grace allowed for payment of the interest in default expires Sept. 1, it was desirable to endeavor to have sufficient proxies before that time to have the necessary resolution passed. Failure to secure the extension of time until the end of the year would place the general mortgage bonds in default and might be treated as ground for foreclosure. He also stated the committee was receiving complete co-operation from and working in harmony with the management. Col. Massie, president, and employees have at all times given any information asked for.

In a brief statement to the meeting Col. F. M. Gaudet stated no remuneration was being received by the committee, the only expense incurred being cost of advertising of the different notices. This is being defrayed by the company up to a certain amount. The committee is at present seeking the services of two well-known engineers to report on the property, and he was confident they would commence work this month.

Mining & Oil

NORANDA MINES

At the current rate of production, the output from Noranda Mines this year will be in the neighborhood of 90,000,000 pounds of copper, thereby showing an extremely important increase over the 1929 performance.

In the early months of 1930, the production was established on a basis which pointed toward production of approximately 100,000,000 pounds of copper. This was the advance official estimate of production this year.

CONSOLIDATED SMELTERS

An official of Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, of Canada, just returned from British Columbia, reports intense activity at Trail, where the smelter of the company is located and where the huge fertilizer plant is under construction. He reports that several of the buildings connected with the fertilizer development are already closed in, while the foundations have been laid for others. Construction he believes, will be completed by about the end of this year and the works will be operating early next year.

LAKE SHORE MINES

Lake Shore Mines has shown a steady gain in output each quarter this year. Production in the quarter ended September 30th, 1929, was 1,395,920, the second quarter $1,423,606, the third quarter $1,745,000 and the estimate for the final quarter of the fiscal year ended June 30th last is in excess of $2,000,000.

In view of the much higher output, average costs should be lower. Allowing for a reduction of only 15 cents per ton to $7.00, profits would work out at 50% of output or around $3,285,000. This is equal to $1.65 per share or 165% on the 2,000,000 shares of $1.00 par value outstanding.

SAN ANTONIO MINES

Confirmation has been given out that San Antonio Mines would erect a 100 ton mill within the near future. In a detailed report to the president and directors of the company, John A. Reid,

(Continued on page 15)

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Mining & Oil

(Continued from page 14)

consulting engineer, states that on the 725 foot level, the No. 16 shoot at the time of his visit to the mine showed 186 feet on the east and showing value of $22.78 over 3.0 feet or, for the full distance of 260 feet, $16.66 over 3.7 feet.

BIG MISSOURI

Big Missouri officials have already announced that a test mill will be erected but no further details such as size, have been issued. A report to this effect is expected soon. There has been some talk in the west of the company buying their mill from some nearby property but nothing official has been said with regard to this. The feeling is that to give the property a fair test, mill of around 2[illegible] tons daily capacity will be required.

BASE METALS MINING

During the mouth of June the concentrator on the property of the Base Metals Mining Corporation, Field "B", C., treated 7,873 tons of ore and gave excellent recoveries considering the complex nature of the ore, according to official information. Two holidays occurred during the period, necessitating a shut-down for that length of time. The average grade treated was 8.3% lead 12.7% zinc and 3 ounces silver to the ton. Tailings losses were greatly reduced. Despite low metal prices the company made an operating profit of $17,290. Gross profit was $39,643 and expenses were $22,353 or less than $3.00 per ton of ore handled.

DOME MINES

Latest word from Porcupine regarding progress at Dome Mines is to the effect that good headway is being made with the erection of the new mill. It is now thought possible the plant will be completed and in operation within the next three months and that full capacity may be reached before Christmas.

ABANA MINES

Within the next three months or so the Abana Mines will be ready for the commencement of production. Mill construction continues at a satisfactory rate while other work is proceeding space.

First production will be secured from sections of the mine which contain high values in copper with comparatively little zinc. It will be possible to mine the copper ore and eliminate the necessity of handling zinc at the outset or until prices for the latter improve.

MANDY MINES

A third base metal producer in the northern Manitoba field looms as a result of plans now being given consideration for the building of a milling plant on the property of Mandy Mines, Limited. The property was Manitoba's first copper producer, having shipped a large tonnage in war years to Trail for treatment. Officials of the company are now figuring on the installation of a concentrator to test the ore developed underground since resumption of expansion.

NORDON CORPORATION

Word reaching Toronto from Nordon Corporation's well in the Buttonwillow field in the San Joaquin Valley of California, states that the well was down 3,682 feet on the previous day, and that it had struck heavy gas in sufficient quantity to make it a paying proposition.

The wire added that everything was going according to expectations. That means that some time within the next month or two, Nordon should know whether or not it is to have a producing oil well.

UNITED OILS

Proposals of directors of the United Oils, Ltd. to pay a dividend of 5 cts. per share were unamiously adopted by shareholders at annual general meeting of the company held in the board of trade rooms. It was pointed out that street shares must be registered at the company's office before September 1st in order to participate.

CALMONT OILS

A stock dividend of three additional shares for each share issued to shareholders was declared at the annual meeting of Calmont Oils, Ltd. The dividend will be payable to shareholders of record Sept. 30, 1930.

The financial statement showed total current assets of 407,879 as compared with total current liabilities of $275,178. Fixed Assets were reported at $7,904,217 including $7,259,000 placed as valuation leases.

ONALTO OILS

The balance of the pumping equipment required at Onalto's No. 1 well recently arrived after having been considerably delayed ni transit. It was immediately installed and a production test was conducted on August 2nd.

Corporation News

(Continued from page 14)

nage to the mills of Canadian International Co. at Gatineau and Three Rivers in the Province of Quebec. The Waterway Paper Company's plant is located in Chicago on the Drainage Canal and has an annual capacity of over 30,000 tons of newsprint and specialties. The mill is equipped with two machines, 132 inches wide and 204 inches wide.

FOREIGN POWER SECURITIES

Reflecting the prosperous conditions prevailing in France, L'Energie Industrielle, one of the most important public utility companies operating public utility companies operating there and in which Foreign Power Securities Corporation is heavily interested, reports the substantial gain in net earnings of 1,571,716 francs for the month of May as compared with the corresponding month of 1929, according to a statement issued by Nesbitt, Thomson & Co. Limited.

For the five months period ending May 31st last, net earnings of l'Energie Industrielle showed an increase of 9,909,007 francs, equal to about $390,000.

ONTARIO STEEL PRODUCTS

Owing to the general trade depression a sharp reduction in operating profits is indicated in the annual statement of Ontario Steel Products for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1930. Although earnings are reduced to 50 percent, sound economies were effected during the year, inventories dropped 36 per cent, further retirements in bonded indebtedness, bank loans wiped out, and working capital position was well maintained.

Operating profit for the year was $169,181, against $237,980 in the preceding report and $201,092 in 1927-1928. Payment of preferred dividends at $25,221 and common dividends at $82,540 necessitated drawing on surplus to the extent of $78,790, while adjustments of income tax increased the deficit on the year to $79,886.

OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mazur spent a few days last week in Montreal.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Jack Rubenstein, of Toronto, motored to Ottawa last week and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bilsky.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sinclair have returned home from a motor trip to New York.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Middleman and David and Norma Middleman are spending some time in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. David Wolpaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holzman.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Freiman and Miss Dorothy Freiman are on a motor trip to New York, Atlantic City and Old Orchard, Maine.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. David Klein, of New York, were the guests for two weeks of Mrs. Klein's sister, Mrs. J. M. Franklin.

* * *

Miss Bessie Podolsky is visiting in Buffalo, N. Y., with Miss Rose Sirkin.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. Carlofsky, Abe, and the Misses Freda and Rose Carlofsky, accompanied by Miss Peggy Aronson, motored to Kingston and the 1000 Islands last week-end.

A KEY OF EMERALD

(Continued from Page 13)

Israelson was declared an outlaw, and they searched his place from cellar to attic. They contemptuously dismissed the filthy, undusted junk in the front shop. And—below in the basement—they found a secret passage into an underground hole. But, for a moment, the police, whose quick fingers were well accustomed to handle packets of illegal literature, stepped back, refusing to believe their eyes.

"Well, I have always thought he was rich," said Zaller phlegmatically.

"Why did he not say so?" retorted Bronstein; whilst his daughter went on wailing.

"He might have told me! And, yet he said he loved me: The Emerald Key indeed! Why, there were enough diamonds to smother a duchess."

And to this day the rare passers-by in that uninviting town wonder why one of the narrowest and dingiest lanes should have been called "The Street of the Emerald Key."
—*Jewish World.*

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"Sometimes when people censure me,
I tell them without rancor,
That for what it cost me to be free,
I might have had an anchor."

One of the biggest discoveries of the day if not of the age itself is the bunkless interview originated by Hubert Kelley, of the *Kansas City Times*. Put into practical use and employed as an example for bunkless writing and speaking the bunkless interview deserves a place in the general community as well as in newspaperdom. Because it is revolutionary and of infinite value you must hear how the bunkless interview came about.

Newcomb Carlton, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, happened to be in Kansas City and Mr. Kelley was assigned to get an interview from him. Mr. Carlton was going through all the stereotyped motions of giving a reporter a cut-and-dried talk on the progress of Kansas City and business in 1930 when he noticed that Mr. Kelley appeared not only uninterested but actually bored. He stopped his interview to ask the reason and the reporter replied that nothing had been said that was worth type. He suggested that Mr. Carlton talk as he really felt instead of as he wanted the reporter to think he felt. What followed was an interview devoid of bunk. It went something like this: "Success depends on the breaks. There are scores of men in my organization who could handle my job as well as I can. These people who are always lecturing youth make sick. Whenever I have to address boy scouts or graduation classes, and this I never do unless forced, I tell them to run around the block and get their lungs full of fresh air and keep their teeth brushed. With employes it is a good scheme to put a little more pay in the weekly envelope and let them learn about life as they please. These stuffed shirts who come from high places and tell you how the world is getting along are 90 per cent bunk and 10 percent publicity. I'm sick of important and pretentious people."

Mr. Carlton sets a glorious example to the stuffed shirts in every community, by no means excepting the Jewish. Here is a man who is sick of seeing people pose around as something they are not. He would love for once to hear a man say flatly: "I don't know a thing about it," when asked for an expression of opinion on a subject to which he has never given a moment's thought before.

There ought to be a vogue for the bunkless speech, the bunkless interview, the bunkless report. There is a market for each if not a discernible demand. The chief reason there may appear to be no demand is that people are not on to the possibilities of talk without bunk, that is bombast and speciousness. If they were realism would be more popular. If it hurt some people it would prove at the same time of greater benefit to the greater number of the people and their various social institutions.

Think of what realism could do for the guest speaker who has kindly consented to try to be intellectual no matter who suffers. He could tell his readers frankly that since the age of fourteen when he dipped into the classics he doesn't read very much any more, doesn't seem to get to it. Under the present system he is forced to say that reading changed his life and manner of thinking and that there are no companions like good books. The strain that statement usually places on the credulity of an audience would be removed and the speaker might be more than fascinating on some subject that he knows a lot about.

Debunking would take proper care of the death of the corrupt public figure who stole right and left, made tools of his best friends and, by his mean miserly nature, brought misery and suffering to his family. Interviewed on the death of such a messy creature a man could say: "Death is awful, of course. But after all is that man such a loss to the world? Looks like good riddance of bad rubbish. He was so crooked he would sell his brother. Why hold him up to the young folks as a fine, public-spirited citizen and an example to follow?"

Men whose own sons present behaviour problems for the psychiatrist could not preach to the underprivileged about a way of life if debunking had to be adhered to. They would hesitate to treat other people's sons to Friday observance and daily reminder of Jewish tradition unless their own sons enjoyed the same. They would not allow any chance, hypocritical visitor at a summer camp to say a few helpful words to the boys about honesty being the best policy. Delinquent girls or what look like prospective delinquents to a society lady with nothing to do but hinder philanthropy would never be humiljated or bored or both for a little guidance to uplift and purity from a good soul with a sentimental speech.

As for the annual organization report here is a field in which this column is acutely at home. To begin with reports are written without spark. Drawing a pencil through the cluttering words and saving the meat means that anything a report says can be told in at least one tenth the time. The report is usually streaked with the gentle variation of concealing whatever is unpleasant and magnifying all out of proportion anything approaching the worthy. Debunking would allow a report to warn the annual meeting that the institution under discussion is doing wonderful work as previously stated because it is headed by a wrong person, an obviously incompetent person who should be replaced at once for the advantage of many others.

Men who loathe each other's remotest ancestors and say so in private would stop getting up in public to create false Yiddish other for the welfare of any cause. A mere pin prick would eject them from heroic stature to human, anyway. That ought to be an asset for any decently modest person considering that man was once unicellular. Debunking could do as much for mortal man as revolutionizing industry. Its chief boon to the world would be to cast from the eyes of the young those scales that blind them to reality.

From Our Contemporaries

The Jewish Forum says:

The spectre of a numerous clausues in America, the manifest difficulties for Jewish scholars to obtain professorships at colleges and universities, the discrimination often shown the Jewish student as well as instructor by faculty and trustees, the indiscriminate practice of "selling education as a business proposition" —all have nurtured a readiness on the part of many Jews to welcome a Jewish university in America.

In addition to these reasons may be advanced the thought that the Jewish student at college or university rarely comes in contact with things Jewish; nay; more, his Sabbath and holidays fade away, and often because of the anti-Jewish attitude of some Jewish teachers themselves.

The most needed department of a university, however, at present most serviceable, without doubt, is the medical department. American Jewish students keep seeking instruction in the medical colleges of the various European countries in ever larger numbers, because of their inability to enter such colleges in America; medical colleges are prone to favor a non-Jewish, to a Jewish, physician and scientist as instructor; the health of people dare not be sacrificed to prejudice or favoritism —the best student must be given due preference in preparation for a medical career.

A basis for a medical college is present in the Jewish hospitals of New York City, where, naturally, Jewish students will acquire much of their empiric information. The only danger is that more value will be placed on the bricks of the college structure than on the college proper—in conformity with the disease of the age. And a still greater danger exists: the communal budget may be disrupted; too much money may be spent for a medical college in proportion to what would otherwise be spent for Talmud Torahs and Yeshivoth, and thus the education of large numbers of children would suffer for the sake of comparatively few Jewish students at a medical college. If some definite budgetary allotment could be planned for and a sum apportioned to a medical college with a definite sense of proportion, the financial objection to a medical college would be removed.

The Jewish World says:

"The best hope of the Zionist Movement, particularly in present circumstances, is, as I remark elsewhere in a strong and vigorous support by our people in the United States of America. It is therefore of great interest to learn from some official statistics that have been published what amount of practical sympathy with Zionism is being manifested by American Jews. We are told then that the total number of contributors to Zionist funds all told number 60,606, but these apparently do not include 7,565 members of the Zionist Organisation whose contributions are in long arrear or are, I take it, represented by unfulfilled promises. The total, however, includes supporters of all sorts of work in connection with Palestine otherwise than that undertaken by the Zionist Organisation—for instance 35,195 members of Hadassah, 8,300 of the Junior Hadassah, 11,300 of the "Young Judea," 3,200 of the B'nai

---

To make the beginning still more practicable, and particularly since the Yeshivah College is meeting with financial difficulties, some of its space may be made available for the initial stages of the medical college. And since it has ample grounds for expansion, the site may be most appropriate.

The argument that a spirit of separatism alien to the spirit of America will be fostered, may be dismissed with due contempt; since, in the first place, the institution will naturally be non-sectarian except for the control of its general policies by Jews; and in the second place, the spirit of America has not deemed it amiss for almost all the other colleges of the country to be managed by various religious denominations. And we will never admit that life and good health are more sacred to any other religious denomination than they are to Jews.

If a Jewish medical college is to be established, as we believe it should, it must be free from the narrowness and pettiness of those who come to the altar of learning with a pagan's hate. The Jew must ever be the leaven of civilization. He has played one of the greatest rôles in the realm of medical history. He has still greater contributions to make to this vital field of human welfare.

Zion, 1,000 of Zionist Students and 2,815 of the Hebrew Organisation. It will be seen that some of these organisations are merely philantropic efforts and do not involve adhesion on the part of their members to the National idea.

This, it must be confessed, is not otherwise than poor showing. For there are Four Millions of Jews in the United States, roughly, say, a million families, and even if we credit all the 60,000 who support Palestine work and even again if we add the 1,000 odd who presumably would if they could support it, what in proportion do they amount to? Much less than a tenth of the potential American support for Zionism and of what, of course, I think it should be. Apart from many other considerations, this is most unsatisfactory, because it gives to opponents of Jewish Nationalism an effective although, of course, not a conclusive argument. They however, can reasonably say that such figures as those given are evidence that Jews themselves do not want the re-institution of their national being in Palestine and that, therefore, we ought not to expect the nations of the world to help in that endeavour, especially seeing that it is objected to by the great majority of the present inhabitants of the country. This is not, as I say, a conclusive argument, although we ought not to be surprised to find it so regarded by our opponents. It is, however, conclusive evidence of the vast amount of Zionist propaganda which has to be undertaken if the Jewish Cause is to win through, and points with unerring directness to the work before the re-constituted Organisation in America.

There is, however, one aspect of the paucity of individual support that has been given by American Jews to Zionist effort, and it is to be found in the large material sacrifices in the aggregate which must have been made by those who rendered help. This is indicated by a summary which is given of amounts subscribed to various funds, thus:

The sum of 20,000,000 dollars has been collected under the auspices of the Zionist Organisation through the Keren Hayesod, the Jewish National Fund, and the United Palestine Appeal for the period beginning May, 1921 and ending April 10th, 1930. This is an enormous effort, considering that more than 60,000,000 dollars were also collected in the U.S.A. for relief work by the Joint. About 73 per cent. of the money collected for Palestine was remitted to headquarters the balance of 27 per cent. has been expended in the U.S.A. on the money-raising machinery. Adding the sum of 5,739,000 dollars collected by the Provisional Zionist Committee and Palestine Restoration Fund from August, 1914, to May, 1921, we arrive at a figure of 25,783,000 dollars, as being the total direct contribution of American Jewry to Zionism through purely Zionist channels. Membership fees and special contributions for Hadassah, amounting to 1,123,900 dollars are not included.

These are big figures and further show the vast possibilities for the Movement which reside in the re-organisation which has just been arranged.

One of the most vital essentials necessary for acquiring the ability to [illegible] mind is the abandonment of [illegible] of pleasure; one would like to [illegible] many things, take unto himself many kinds of knowledge, many kinds of influence, but he who masters his business must build many walls and block many doors.

Advertise in "Jewish Review"

Making Myths—The Lost Ten Tribes

Some learned American professor has written a very long book showing that the Lost Ten Tribes were never lost and all the stories about their survivals in the United States, in England in Africa are so many myths. The Lost Ten Tribes are lost, in the same sense as a kettle is lost when it is thrown from a transatlantic liner a thousand miles from land. But learned exposures of popular myths do not kill popular belief in them, and those powerful societies which propagate the truth that the Anglo-Saxons are descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes are as likely to flourish after the year 1930—quite as much as before, writes E. David Goiten, in the Jewish Exponent.

Now Jews the world over, who have not been touched by the wand of modernism, firmly believe that on the other side of the River Sambatyon live the sons of Moses. The Sambatyon is a river which rushes and roars its way to the sea during the six days of the week, but on the seventh day it is silent and quiet. The sons of Moses are those who have been given the gift of immortal life. Beyond the land of the sons of Moses is the land of the Lost Ten Tribes. Powerful empires belong to them. They have their own kings and their own armies. Christians and Mohammedans whose countries abut on theirs pay fealty to the Israelites: so on and so on. It may be said "why bother about these silly stories? What educated man believes them? What good do they do anyhow?

My answer is: The Jew could not have lived through the horrors and terrors of the past had he not put between himself and life a smokescreen of dreams which played a really vital part in his waking life. When he was himself downtrodden and a slave he pictured to himself his brethren who were rulers of mighty empires and who made slaves of others. When the darkness of Russia seemed empenetrable, the Jew saw the light of Zion; when the horrors of the inquisition seemed to herald the end of Judaism, the Jew saw the Messiah coming—one who would judge the weak of the earth with mercy.

In modern times we have thrown our myths away—we know that they cannot stand the light of reason. Are we wise? Can a people such as we live without our dreams? Can we afford to receive blow upon blow without, at least, a legend between us to prevent the worst effects of the blow?

Let it be said—and with truth—that the twentieth century creates its own myths. The Jew who has lost his Messiah has found the Halutz. The idealized Halutz of whom we read so much; the successful student who has taken an honor degree, who could make his fortune at his profession, who has given up thoughts of a professional life that he may work the soil of Palestine, under a blazing sun, with the dangers of malaria staring him in the face * * This picture is not unlike that which would have been painted by the maggid of an earlier day in describing the Messiah. There is such a person as a Halutz and he is a fine type of Jew, but for the world which does not know him he is nothing if not a symbolic figure * * *

We need more symbols and more myths than this one. The Torah to which our fathers clung means less to us today than it did to them. It is inclined to be merely a word used by rabbis and teachers and has ceased very largely to be something like a flag which other nations have, round which they will rally when the call is heard. The Torah might mean much but it is so often confused with the Bible, which, in its turn, is supposed to be a book which makes you believe that a man was swallowed by a whale —that it is doubtful whether, in modern times, it can serve as the myth or the symbol for which we are looking.

The difficulty is that you cannot say you want a myth and then set about inventing it. It is often discovered quite by accident and sometimes assumes the most unexpected and alarming forms. For example, the law code—the Mishna—became per-

sonified for the famous Rabbi Isaac the Lion, and under "her" inspiration he wrote the whole of Shulchan Aruch (the Table that is laid). If we cannot create myths consciously we can at least prepare the ground in which they may flourish. What is necessary is a rich Jewish life. Secondly, we must encourage those among us who have vivid imaginations. These people are often bad business men, therefore poor, therefore not noticed ;or, worse, despised. Then we must be prepared to sacrifice some of our critical faculties on the altar of our people. We must not look too keenly and with too critical an eye upon the myths and legends about Jews which come our way • • • Let learned professors explode the myths of the Lost Ten Tribes, of the River Sambatyon, of the sons of Moses. But let us, simple folk, not professors, not learned, accept with gratitude what legends, myths and symbols come our way. Only so can Israel live. Only so can Israel progress. Only so can Israel be happy.

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Philadelphia

4 c thin cream
¾ c sugar
½ T vanilla
pinch salt

Scald cream but do not let come to a boil. Add other ingredients. Fill can and freeze in dasher type ice cream freezer.

Variations: 1 cup finely chopped nuts may be added.

Peppermint candy: To above mixture add 1 lb peppermint candy crushed fine and dissolved in a portion of the cream.

Grapenut: Soak 1½ cups grapenuts in the cream 15 minutes before mixing Philadelphia Ice Cream. Powdered macaroons may be used in the same way.

Fresh Peach

2 c crushed peaches
2 c sugar
1 qt thin cream

Crush peaches, add sugar and let stand until sugar has dissolved. Stir in cream gradually, chill and freeze. Any fresh fruit may be used, strawberries, cantaloupe, apricots or bananas.

Custard

1 egg or 2 egg yolks slightly beaten
½ c sugar
pinch salt
1 c milk scalded
2 c thin cream
1½ t vanilla

Make a soft custard of the egg, sugar, salt and milk. Cool. Add the cream and vanilla and freeze. Makes one quart.

Fig Ice Cream: Omit vanilla to above recipe and add 1 quart mashed fresh figs and 1 cup sugar just before freezing.

Caramel: Caramelize ¼ cup of sugar and add very slowly to the scalded milk, stirring vigorously to prevent lumping. Variations may be had by adding crushed candy bar. It makes a very good cream and unusual.

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Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation, Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Saturday at 11 a.m., Perry E. Nussbaum, of the Hebrew Union College, will conduct the services.

FRATERNAL SOFTBALL

Last week's games resulted in Pride of Israel winning a tight effort over I.O.F. by the close score of 9 to 8, to get into the contention, in the early contest on Tuesday, while in the late affair, Bnai Brith won by default from Knights of Pythias, but in the exhibition tilt, lost out by 11 to 7. Shadlin starred at bat for the Prides with three hits, while Goldman and Schack played good ball in the infield. With only a few weeks to go until the play-offs, every remaining game is very important, with Pride of Israel having an excellent chance to feature in the finals.

In next week's games, Pride of Israel meet Knights of Pythias in the early game on Tuesday, with the second game being an outstanding fixture with the Foresters battling to get back into second place, by toppling the leading Judeans for the first time. Manilla will oppose Duke in this affair. Bnai Brith meet Pride of Israel in the first game on Friday night, and should the Prides lose, they will be elimnated from the play-offs. Judeans play I.O.F. in a postponed game in the closer, and the fur should fly, as the latter needs every game. All first games from now on will start at 6.45 p.m., as the nights are getting shorter, with lights coming on much earlier. Managers all take notice.

Goel Tzedec Synagogue, University Avenue, Rabbi Samuel Sachs.

The Sisterhood will hold their annual food sale Thursday, September 18th. The first executive meeting will take place in the vestry rooms September 2nd at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Joseph Levinsky is the general convenor. Letters and lists have been mailed to: Candy booth; convenors: Mesdames H. Farber, S. Godfrey, B. Hillman and Chas. Rotenberg; Dairy, Mesdames A. Rogul, B. Forer; Fresh Fruit, Mrs. S. Himel; Dry Fruit; Mesdames H. James and Adelberg; Canned Fruit; Mesdames Goldblatt and Shapiro; Meat, Mesdames A. Lieberman, A. Simonsky and A. Cohen; Noodles Mesdames Kurtz, S. Lewis and M. Weinstock, Senior; Cake, Mesdames Wm. Lewis, H. Ruben, L. Olstedter and Schleffer; Handkerchiefs, Mesdames H. Rosenberg and Rothbart; Smokes, Mesdames M. Hanisch, S. Till, Fox and Glazier; Tea-room, Mesdames M. Weinstock, S. Sachs, I. H. Siegel, L. Smith, H. Fauman, C. Helpert and Dinenberg.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At their 17th meeting, the Embassy Club held election of officers. President, Nat Goldenberg, Vice-President and Treasurer, W. B. Jacobs, Secretary, Harold Arthur Winkler, Society Director, Samuel Goldsmith, Monitor, Fred Carter, Membership Committee — H. A. Hurovitz, Nat Goldenberg, and Harold Arthur Winkler.

He who overlooks a fault, invites the commission of another.

For afternoon bridge serve refreshing drinks and chilled desserts.

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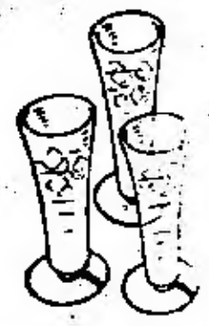

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Sapowich, of Old Orchard, Maine, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Goldstein, Keele Street, are taking the Saguenay River Boat trip, before returning home.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. Adman, Burnside Drive, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clavir, Huron Street, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Silverberg, Lawton Manor, Miss Thelma Clavir, Huron Street, Mr. and Mrs. Moe Levine, Avenue Road, and Louis Kishuck, Glenholme Avenue, left on a week-end fishing trip to Martin Lake.

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Mrs. M. Stopeck, High Park Avenue, who has been in New York for the past two weeks, is expected home the middle of next week.

• • •

Miss Ethel Klein of, New York City, is visiting Mrs. Ralph Jacobs, Walmer Road, for several weeks.

• • •

Mrs. I. Nissenbaum and Mrs. M. Budman, Northcliffe Boulevard, spent two weeks at Jackson's Point, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. Samuel Herlick and son, Thomas, Maughan Crescent, left on Friday for Rochester, N.Y., where they will spend several weeks with Mrs. Herlick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stopeck.

• • •

Mrs. A. Solomon, Danforth Avenue, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation in Jackson's Point, Ont.

• • •

I. Silverberg, of New York, is in town, and will spend two weeks with his sister, Mrs. Geo. Feinsod at the Wembley Apartments.

• • •

Miss Rose Hurwitz, of East Windsor, Ont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. D. Wayman and Mr. Wayman, Standish Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. Samuel Cohen, Cheritan Avenue, who has spent the past week with her cousin, Mrs. Thomas Bernstein, of Greensburg, Pa., has returned home.

• • •

Mrs. G. Fauman and Mrs. Celia Helpert, Palmerston Boulevard, who have spent the past week in Rochester, N.Y., are expected home on Monday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. David Bronstein, Vaughan Road, have returned from a motor trip to Lake Placid.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hillman, Cedarvale Mansions, are home after spending three weeks in Chalk River and North Bay.

• • •

Mrs. Victor Finsten, Wells Hill Avenue, who has been visiting her sister; Mrs. I. Collis, of Oshawa, for the past ten days, is expected home the latter part of this week.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Friedman and daughter, Ruth, Lockwood Road, spent the holiday week-end at the Hotel Clifton, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

• • •

Registered this week at Lakeside House are: I. Freeman and son, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cligman, H. Gray and N. Gray, of Windsor, Ont., S. Goldman, J. Burstein, of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Bochnick and S. Berrin, Mr. and Mrs. Stulberg and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Halpern and son, Mrs. M. Wolfe, Mrs. M. S. Lowe and daughters, Mrs. Shabey and daughters, Ben Walker, J. Rosbum, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wise and son, D. Swadron, Phil Zelding, A. Chankin, Mrs. J. Shumer and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. Herlick, Mr. and Mrs. N. Nowack and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tennenbaum and daughter, Miss Rose Clayman, Mr. and Mrs. Altman and family, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hildebrande, Mr. and Mrs. S. Goldman and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ruben, and son, J. S. Rosenstein, of Buffalo, N.Y., Misses R. Samuels, J. Rotstein, L. Rotstein, Sophie Pullan, Hilda Gidansky, Rose Pullan, Jeanne Cohen, Marion Brown, Beatrice Cohen, Lucille Landing, R. Gold, Eileen Rotstein, Meryl Samuels, Tom Brown, Morris Wineberg, A. Goldsman, S. Katz, Harry Ely, A. L. Morris, J. L. Alenstein, S. Cohen, J. M. Rosenstein, M. Goldberg, I. Smith, J. Wange, L. Rosen, D. Caplan, S. Bellman and Miss S. Kilman.

• • •

Miss Ruth Grossman, Montrose Avenue, has returned home after spending her vacation at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

• • •

Mrs. Guy Iseman of Montrose Avenue, was bridge hostess at her summer cottage in Indianola Beach, Lake Simcoe, complimenting her sister, Mrs. Gellman, of Buffalo. Prizes were won by Mrs. Philippe Gordon and Miss Pepi Kofman.

• • •

Misses Fae Ublansky and Ida Rashkofsky, Bathurst Street, are spending a week at Jackson's Point, Ont.

• • •

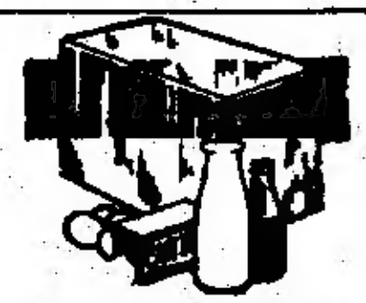
Mrs. J. H. Males, Huron Street, entertained at the King Edward Hotel at tea, honoring Miss Mildred Rackmil, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Mrs. A. K. Vernon, of Auburndale, Long Island.

• • •

Mrs. A. Greben and children, Ossington Avenue, are home after spending several weeks in Long Island, N.Y., with her sisters, Miss Jean Goodman and Mrs. Betty Marks.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Saul Scher, of Windsor, Ont., spent a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ducoffe, Lonsdale Road.



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Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gold and family, University Avenue, are spending the remainder of the summer at Lake Simcoe, Ont.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Wainberg, and Mrs. S. Greenberg, Beverley St., have motored to Mount Clemens, Mich., where they will spend their vacation.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Rob't. B. Berman, Heyworth Crescent and Mr. and Mrs. S. Herlick and family, Vaughan Crescent, spent the week-end at Sparrow Lake, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. A. Samuel, Huron Street, returned on Monday from a two weeks'

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visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. Ginsberg of Huntsville, Ont.

* * *

Mrs. E. F. Grunberg and son, Leonard, of New York, are spending a month with her sister, Mrs. M. Goldstick and Mr. Goldstick, Delaware Avenue.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. Males, Huron St., entertained at the Royal York Hotel, Saturday last, honoring Mrs. A. K. Vernon, of Auburndale, Long Island, and Miss Mildred Rackmil, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. Devoretsky and son, Harold, College Street, motored to Crystal Beach, Buffalo and Rochester for a week. While in Buffalo they were entertained by Misses Martha and Fay Shapiro at a bridge, theatre and tea and Mrs. Irving Shapiro at a family dinner; in Rochester, Mrs. Samuel Hudes, Slovan Road, entertained at a dutch supper.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel Atin and son, Harold, Markham Street, are summering at Bronte, Ont.

* * *

A garden party for children was given by Mrs. Guy Iseman at her summer home in Indianola Beach, as a compliment to Eleanor Gellman, of Buffalo, N.Y.

* * *

Frank W. Fine, Norman La Porter and V. L. Van Der Hout were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fine, Belle Ewart, over the week-end.

* * *

Miss Ida Shulman, Wolseley Street, spent the holiday week-end duck-hunting near Detroit.

* * *

Mrs. P. Charney, Brunswick Avenue, is spending a month in Mount Clemens, Mich.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Samuel and family, Hillholme Road, are home, after spending the summer at Somerset Island, Georgian Bay.

* * *

Misses C. and S. H. Kallmeyer, South Drive, have just returned from a three weeks' stay in Bobcaygen, Ont.

* * *

Miss Edna Frankel, Wellesley Street, left on Wednesday for Montreal where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Albert Engel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Harris, Walmer Road, are home after spending two weeks in New York and Boston.

* * *

Mrs. Meyer Brenner, Lascelles Boulevard, returned on Sunday from a week's stay at Taylor Staten's Camp, Algonquin Park.

* * *

Miss Frances Wolpaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. J. Allen, Roxboro Drive, for the past ten days, returned home on Saturday.

* * *

Mrs. M. G. Cohen, Madison Avenue, left on Monday for Oshawa, where she will spend a short time.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Nathanson, Garfield Avenue and Mrs. Harold Levi, Lonsdale Road, left on Thursday for Lake Placid, where they will spend a week.

* * *

Roual Auerbach, of New York City, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Leo Englander, Heathdale Road.

* * *

Mrs. Lawrence Kert and children, Poplar Plains Road, left on Saturday for Windsor, Ont., where they will be with her mother, Mrs. M. Meretsky for six weeks.

* * *

Mrs. M. Simonsky, Palmerston Boulevard, who has been visiting in New York for the past three months, is now at home.

Mrs. Jack Carrick and family, Humewood Gardens, who has been visiting her parents in Montreal, for the past six weeks, is spending the remainder of the summer at Jackson's Point, Ont.

* * *

Mrs. Nathan Phillips and children, Lauder Avenue, returned on Monday from their summer home at Cobourg, Ont.

* * *

Miss Ida Stern, of New York, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. F. S. Hutner, Killarney Road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Maldover, Cedarvale Mansions, will have with them for several weeks, Mr. Maldover's mother, Mrs. S. Maldover, of Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Mrs. R. Schwartz, of Buffalo, N.Y., is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. H. Mannis, Avenue Road.

* * *

Mrs. Phil Yaffe, formerly of Glenrose Avenue, is now living at No. 1196 Avenue Road.

* * *

Harry Rosenfield, Glendale Avenue, has left for Cuba where he will remain indefinitely.

* * *

Mrs. J. M. Rothschield and children, Austin Terrace, left on Saturday for Montreal where they will be with the former's mother, Mrs. C. A. Workman.

* * *

Mrs. J. M. Gaier, of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Koskie, Palmerston Avenue.

* * *

Registered at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point, for week of July 10th, are: Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ram, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Farber, Mr. and Mrs. S. Roth, Alderman M. Seigler of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rotstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green and family of New York, Mrs. B. Kline of Pittsburgh, Pa., I. K. Kennedy, Misses Bessie and Dorothy Smith, Samuel Weinberg, Mr. and Mrs. Roren and baby; Mrs. Bochner and sons of London, England, Miss Gert Rosen, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stein of Patterson, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. F. Tator, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mandel, M. Sadnoff, Jos. Groshein, M. Milnich, D. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldenberg, Misses Lillian Kurtz, L. Kleiman, Clara Edell, Rose Minker, Fay Chlansky, Ida Rashkofsky, Mrs. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hollinger and family, H. Ariens and Miss Anne Etlin.

* * *

Alderman Max Seigler, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ram at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. Alspector, Lakeside House, Jackson's Point, have as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green and family, of New York.

* * *

David Goldstein, of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. Alspector, Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

* * *

Complimenting Mrs. Wm. Contract (née Fay Moskowitz) of New York, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. B. Moskowitz, this past week were: Miss Gertrude Litowitz, Queen Street East, luncheon and theatre; Misses Bess and Ruth Gorvoy, Beatrice Street, tea at the King Edward Hotel; Miss Shirley Cogan, theatre.

* * *

Mrs. A. L. Wynston, Burnside Drive, is expected home from Montreal the latter part of this week.

* * *

Mrs. S. Spiro, of New York City, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. L. B. Levetus, Wells Street.

* * *

Mrs. B. W. Birn, Glenholme Avenue, has returned from Jackson's Point, where she spent several weeks.

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All orders promptly delivered to all parts of the city.
52 KENSINGTON AVENUE TORONTO

Mrs. M. Shulman, Colin Avenue, has left to spend two weeks at Wasaga Beach, Ont.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. W. Harris and children, Beverley Street, are expected home from a vacation at Wasaga Beach on Thursday.

• • •

Mrs. M. B. Berkman and daughter, Barbara, of Detroit, Mich., who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. Helpern, Austin Terrace, have left for a short stay at Jackson's Point, Ont.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Becker, Miami Beach, Fla. have returned from a trip abroad and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Waxman, Geoffrey Apartments.

• • •

Mrs. A. White and children, Palmerston Boulevard, who have been in Crystal Beach for some time, are expected back the latter part of this week.

• • •

Miss Jennie Nankin, Walmer Road, entertained at mah jongg, on Tuesday night last.

• • •

Mrs. P. Black and children, Mona and Ely, of Rochester, N.Y., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Griss, Crawford Street, returned home.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. D. Davidson and son, Cecil, Vaughan Road, motored to Crystal Beach and Buffalo for the holiday week-end.

• • •

Miss Bella Zahler, Wellshill Road, who has been a counsellor at Camp Idlewyld, Georgian Bay, returns home the latter part of this week.

• • •

Mrs. A. Freedman and son Leonard, Bloor Street West, have returned from a trip to Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

• • •

Miss Lillian Robertson, Roxton Road, who spent the past week with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gunter, Burlington Beach, returned home.

• • •

Misses Ida Baer and Sylvia Hartman, Braemore Gardens, left for a two weeks' trip to Atlantic City, New York and Newark, N.J.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Zahler and daughter, Wellshill Road, returned on Tuesday, after spending a month in Montreal and the Laurentian Mountains.

• • •

Mrs. H. Griss, Crawford Street, entertained at luncheon at the Arcadian Court for Mrs. P. Black of Rochester, N.Y.

• • •

Prof. Davidson, Beatrice Street, spent the week-end at Crystal Beach, and Buffalo.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Roth and children, Beatrice Street, left on a motor trip to New York, Atlantic City and Florida. They will be away for a month.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Max Covent and children, Jack and Perry, Crawford Street, are at their summer home, Lake Simcoe, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. Max Morrison (née Ida Brown) of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Clinton Street.

• • •

Miss Julia Keyfetz, Crawford St., has returned from a two weeks' vacation at Jackson's Point.

• • •

Mr. Greenwood, Page Street, has returned from Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, where he spent a few weeks.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown, and daughters Betty and Rita, Beatrice Street, are spending the summer at their home in Belle Ewart, Ont.

Max Goldberg, of London, England, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Goldberg, Barton Avenue, for several weeks.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Friedman and daughter, Ruth, Lockwood Road, are spending several weeks at Wasaga Beach.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Solway and family, Madison Avenue, have returned from Sparrow Lake, Muskoka.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Steinberg, Highbourne Road and Mrs. B. J. Stutz, Northcliffe Boulevard, are taking a two weeks' motor trip to the Eastern Coast.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. M. Plynick and children, Wells Hill Avenue, have returned from a three weeks' holiday in Muskoka.

• • •

Mrs. S. Dinaberg and daughter, Esther, Galley Avenue, motored to Rochester, N.Y., and Pittsburgh, Pa. While in Pittsburgh they attended the Brass-Kauffman wedding. Miss Dinaberg is spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. J. Webber, of Medina, N.Y., while Mrs. Dinaberg returned home.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Meyers and Mr. and Mrs. J. Friedman, and daughter, Ruth, Lockwood Road, motored to Wasaga Beach for the week-end.

• • •

Mrs. O. Goldberg, Barton Avenue, held a reception in honor of her son, Max, of London, England, at the home of her daughter Mrs. B. Bregman, Lonsdale Road, Sunday afternoon. Assistants were Mesdames Frank Goldberg and A. Samuels, Misses Dinah Goldberg, Grace and Ida Heller.

• • •

Miss Deborah Levinne and brother, Nathan, Braemore Gardens, are holidaying at Wasaga Beach.

• • •

Those complimenting Mr. and Mrs. A. Stattner, of Montreal and Mrs. S. Schnapp, of Cornwall, during their stay in Toronto were: Mrs. S. Samuels, Solomon Street, evening; Mrs. D. Martin, Grace Street, supper; Mrs. S. Herman, Major Street, evening.

• • •

Mrs. H. Griss, Crawford Street, entertained at luncheon at the Arcadian Court in honor of Mrs. A. Hyman, of Rochester, N.Y.

• • •

John J. Kates and Samuel J. Freedman, Cecil Street, spent the week-end at Port Dover, Ont., the guests of Mrs. M. Pearlman.

• • •

Miss Tillie Zarnett, Oxford Street, returned from a weeks' stay in Montreal, where she was the guest of Miss Mona Erlick.

• • •

Mrs. L. Rosenfield and son, Ronald, have returned to Buffalo after spending four weeks with her mother, Mrs. S. Zener, Baldwin Street. While here Mrs. Rosenfield entertained in honor of her son's second birthday. Covers were laid for forty children. Favors of yellow and white were presented to each child. The table was decorated with gladiolas and yellow tapers.

• • •

Miss Rae Ritterson, Baldwin Street, has returned home after taking the Great Lakes Trip, to Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Duluth and St. Paul.

• • •

Miss Annette Cohen, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, during the month of August.

• • •

Mrs. L. Simrod and son, Joe, Crawford Street, have just returned from a three weeks' stay in Bolton, Ont. Mrs. Simrod is leaving on Sunday for an extended trip to Sarnia and Port Stanley.

Delicious Salada quality is an inexpensive luxury

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Miss Sophie Schulman, of Montreal, Dr. E. Feder and Murray Weiss both of New York came by motor to visit Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., for a few days.

• • •

Mrs. R. W. R. Robinson, of Detroit, and Miss Mildred Cohen of New York, are motoring from Detroit to spend August with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen. Dr. Litvin of New York, is accompanying them.

• • •

Mrs. Samuel Schwartz, 20 Oak St., Oshawa, Ont., left for Tampa, Florida, August 6th as Senior Supreme Representative of the Pythian Sisters of Ontario. The Supreme Convention of Pythian Sisters convenes in Tampa, August 11th to 17th. Mrs. Schwartz is also appointed by Supreme Chief Addie Kemp, Adrian, Mich., to serve on the Supreme Finance Committee during the session. Mrs. Schwartz is a charter member and past chief of Ontario Temple No. 1 Pythian Sisters, Oshawa, Ont., and has also the honor of being the first elected past grand chief of Pythian Sisters of Ontario.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. J. Shapiro announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Lillian Green to Samuel Golden, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brewer, of West New York, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Elsie, to Harry L. Mendelson, of Toronto.

Marriages

On August 5th, the marriage of Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Krasnow, to Albert Wertman, of Niagara Falls, took place quietly at the bride's home.

The marriage of Miss Kate Cohen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Cohen to Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Shapiro, took place quietly at the bride's home on Tuesday, August 5th, Rabbi Rizenman officiating.

The marriage of Ruth, daughter of Mrs. M. Gold, to Jack Margolis, of New York City, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Margolis, took place August 3rd in New York.

NOTICE

All 69th Toronto Girl Guides wishing to pass their Second Class, please get in touch with Lieut. Molly R. Lerner, Trinity 1394-J at once.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied, "I had a friend."

Deaths

The death occurred of Hyman Engel who succumbed to a paralytic stroke in the Oshawa General Hospital at two o'clock Wednesday, July 30th.

Mr. Engel came to Oshawa 25 years ago from Toronto and started in a ready to wear store. On his death he was operating two stores and was the owner of considerable real estate in the city.

Hyman Engel

He resided at 76 King street west and was only 53 years of age when death claimed him. He was the president of Oshawa Hebrew Congregation, a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, Independent Order Bnai Brith, the Macabees, Phoenix Lodge No. 22, I.O.O.F. and a member of the Bay Street Synagogue, Toronto.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, S. A. Engel and William Engel, of Oshawa, and J. Engel, of St. Catherines, and four daughters, Mrs. M. Ambrose, Mrs. B. A. Freeman, Mrs. H. Marks and Miss Clara Engel, of this city and an adopted daughter, Miss Shirley Wise, also of Oshawa.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon from the Benjamin Funeral Parlours in Toronto, at five o'clock. Interment was made in the Jones Avenue Cemetery.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Soles (née Lillian Goodfellow) Hammersmith Avenue, at the Private Patients Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Monday, August 11th, a son, Robert Paul.

To Dr. and Mrs. Louis Kazdan, at Private Patients Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Monday, August 11th, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Landsberg (née Anne Kates) of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, at the Chicago Lying In Hospital, a son, Martin.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosenfeld (née Freda Schwartz) Standish Avenue, at the Private Patients Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Thursday, August 7th, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Myron S. Stein (née Isobel Levy) at the Private Patients Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, Thursday, August 7th, a daughter.

SARAH BLINICK.

Sarah Blinick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Blinick, 499 Euclid Avenue, who passed her Junior Piano and Primary Theory examinations at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, receiving first class honours. Sarah is eleven years old and a pupil of Boris Berlin.

CLUB HOLDS ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting the Orions inaugurated their second term of the year by electing Jack Quitt as President, Sidney Stein, Vice-President, Sidney Godfrey, Recording Secretary, Earl Bader, Corresponding Secretary, Harry Green, Treasurer, Sidney Godfrey, Publicity Director, Earl Bader, Social Director, Phil Godfrey, Athletic Director and Jack Quitt, Sick Director. Installation, Saturday, August 16th.

SUDBURY

Mrs. T. Simon, of Palm Beach, Florida, was honored at a bridge given by her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. Moses, 85 Notre Dame St., on Friday evening, July 25. Mrs. H. Asbyll was awarded high score, Mrs. H. Weinstein second, and Mrs. W. Lupovitch received consolation prize. A midnight lunch was served by the hostess.

* * *

Misses Jean and Matilda Greenberg, of Newark, N.J., house guests of Mrs. G. Moses, 85 Notre Dame St., were honored at a musical at her home Sunday, July 27. Refreshments were served to about 40. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. H. Weinstein, Mrs. H. Asbyll, and Mrs. M. Rutenberg.

HAMILTON

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gunter and family, Gibson Avenue are summering at Burlington Beach.

* * *

Misses Violet and Mary Gerofsky, of Stratford, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Gerofsky at their summer home at Burlington Beach for several weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gerofsky and family, Spadina Ave., are spending the summer at Burlington Beach.

LOEW'S

Loew's Theatre will offer a snappy stage and screen entertainment next week, for commencing Monday August 18th William Haines latest laugh comedy drama "Way Out West" will be released and five of the best vaudeville acts presented at this popular theatre this year will be shown featuring Charles Kemper and Jeannie in "Beach Babies".

"Way Out West" is a racey romance of a smart young fellow who tries to jip a bunch of hard boiled cowboys on a phoney roulette wheel. He gets their money but Rosa, the village vamp, gets it from him, and as the cowboys do not know of the siren's success they make out after Windy, whose intensions were "honest jipping".

Instead of lynching their victim, when they get him the cowboys decide to put Windy to work in the ranch kitchen with Pansy, played by Polly Moran, a lass not so famous for her good looks as for her good understanding. But Windy aspires higher than Pansy's homely map and surreptitiously loves Molly the ranch owner's beautiful sister. Molly does not discourage him, but the cowboys do, and it is only when Molly is bitten by a poisonous snake, and her life saved by the notorious Windy, that he is tolerated as her suitor.

Haines is at his happiest in this rollicking role and Leila Hyams is prettier and more charming than ever as his sweetheart. Polly Moran would walk away with the picture if Haines were not perfect and there several other young players who turn in excellent performances.

On the stage in addition to Charles Kemper and Jeannie will be seen the following smart acts: Billy Wells and Four Fays, Melino and Davis. Tom Fulmer, offering songs of the day, and Kafka Stanley and Mae, trapeze wizards.

Jewish Girls' Camp

As the closing event of the Dramatics of the Jewish Girls' Camp a musical extravaganza entitled "Camperdown Follies"—written and directed by the Counsellors, was put on Saturday night.

The play symbolized the search for the happiest spot on earth, the searchers passing through various countries and finally arriving at Camperdown where the goal is reached.

Miss I. S. Kaplan was the Master of Ceremonies. Opening Chorus—"Song of the Wanderer"—Misses Arna Mann, Frances Weisberg, Helen Schwartz.

The travellers first pass through Holland and France. The Junior cabins, under the direction of Miss Bella Zahler present a song and dance revue, in which the following participated: Bessie Chapnick, Esther Ceresney, Marian Gelman, Sylvia Goldberg, Esther Melamid, Kate Joseph, Evelyn Applebaum, Marie Joseph, Florence Bernard, Sylvia Okun, Rosie Shulman, Rosie Eisensher, Gertie Goldberg. The next stop is Germany and Miss Bertha Steinberg's cabin presented a typical Scene, including the beer and pretzels. Sara Clareman, Esther Daltort, Goldie Cash, Jeannette Brodsky, Lily Probarman, Clara Shoot.

From thence we are taken to Russia. Miss Anna Sacks cabin presented a clever little skit to the refrain of the "Volga Boatman", Miss Arna Mann at the piano.—Jerry Greenberg, Esther Roody, Rose Lifchitz, Ruth Hershorn, Jennie Roodie took part.

The desired spot has not yet been found and the travellers pass through Spain and from there to Palestine. Miss Rose Goldstein's cabin presented the Spanish scene—Annie Lapin, Mary Ezrin, Mollie Sugarman, Tillie Harris, Mildred Eisensher, Clara Wohlgelernter, Annie Beckerman. In the Palestinian scene, which was directed by Miss Helen Schwartz, we find the native farmers happily singing at their work: Mildred and Annie Balakofsky, Gertie Plansky, Esther Ginsberg, Bessie Drutz, Helen Cerensy, Pearl Goldberg took part.

Miss Frances Weisberg's cabin presented a scene in the wilds of Africa—Fanny Melamid, Minnie Melamid, Marian Pincus, Bella Freedman, Clara Shapero, Molly Brodsky, Gertrude Tishman.

The searchers pass through Kentucky to New York. Miss Elsie Kaplan's cabin presented the former scene—Annie Tiskoff, Lillian Roff, Bertha Berkowitz, Clara Melamid, Celia Chapnick, Sadie Geller, Florence Leibowitz, Jennie Shulman.

While in the scene in New York there is plenty of frivolity and gaiety, the searchers move still onward. Miss Sarah Kaplan's cabin presented this scene—Ruth Tishman, Minnie Applebaum, Lily Hartman, Bessie Cohen, Mollie Katz, Esther Leckovitz, Betty Epstein.

SHEA'S
STARTING SATURDAY
On the Screen
Ralph Forbes
and
Betty Compson
in
"INSIDE THE LINES"
FIVE "BIG TIME" ACTS
headed by Georgie Price a comedy act "What Price Georgie."

IMPERIAL
WEEK OF MON. AUGUST 18th
A drama of Jazz mad Youth
"Wild Company"
with H. B. Warner and a great Cast.
5—BIG STAGE ACTS—5

LOEW'S
WEEK OF MON. AUG 18th
Bold, Bad Bill Haines in a Rodeo of Roars!
WILLIAM HAINES
in
"WAY OUT WEST"
with
POLLY MORAN
LEILA HYAMS
CLIFF EDWARDS
5—EXCELLENT STAGE ACTS—5

The Uptown of the Heart of Town
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in
"GRUMPY"
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What settlers say of the soil, climate, farming, and forest life is told in a most attractive booklet issued under the direction of the Honourable John S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario. Full instructions in regards to acquiring title to these rich agricultural lands are also given.
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"Please mention this paper."

The following scene is in Alaska with the igloos and Eskimos. Miss Lillian Gold's cabin presented this set and the following participated: Ida Plansky, Edith Galperin, Ruth Cohen, Zelda Krieger, Rose Lappin, Bella Greenberg, Rose Hilf.

The searchers finally arrived at Camperdean where they found happiness around the camp fire and all joined in the Alma Mater.

The following campers hiked up Blue Mountains on Tuesday in charge of Misses Bertha Steinberg and Esther Ruehlin: Molly Katz, Bessie Cohen, Lea Hartman, Esther Leckowitz, Betty Epstein, Annie Tishkoff, Minnie Applebaum, Ruth Tishman, Molly Stearman, Mary Ezrin, Mildred and Annie Balakofsky.

Cabin fires were built on Wednesday.

Miss Yetta Littner and Lillian Gold took the Junior cabins on an exploration tour up the Mountains. Bessie Chapnick, Esther Ceresney, Marian Gelman, Sylvia Goldberg, Esther Melamid, Kate Joseph, Evelyn Applebaum, Marta Joseph, Florence Bernard, Sylvia Okun, Rosie Shulman, Rosie Eisensher and Gertie Goldberg.

The following campers officiated in the Friday evening and Saturday morning services: Billy Greenberg, Bessie Cohen, Pearl Goldberg, Sadie Geller, Esther Ginsberg, Bessie Drutz, Bella Friedman, Gertie Plansky and Gertrude Tishman. Misses Yetta Littner, Frances Welsberg and Rose Goldstein led the choir. The following sang solos: Celia Chapnick, Clara Wohlgelernter, Bertha Steinberg and Yetta Littner. Mrs. J. Cohn, Camp Mother, blessed the Sabbath Lights.

A Treasure Hunt, under the supervision of Misses Bella Zahler, Arna Mann and Anna Sacks was held on Sunday.

Closing exercises and final council ring was held Sunday Night. Athletic ribbons were awarded by Miss Elsie Kaplan to the Mt. Sinai group, with Miss Anna Sacks, Counsellor. Members:—Jerry Greenberg, Esther Roody, Rose Lifchitz, Ruth Hershorn, Jennie Roodie.

Mrs. Cohn and Miss Littner awarded Honour ribbons to the Willing Workers were Miss Lillian Gold, Counsellor. Mildred and Annie Balakofsky, Gertie Plansky, Esther Ginsberg, Bessie Drutz, Helen Ceresney and Pearl Goldberg were winners.

Miss Beulah Hutner presented the following campers with the red swimming ribbon: Molly Katz, Minnie Applebaum, Betty Epstein, Esther Leckowitz, Lillian Hartman, Bessie Cohen, Ruth Tishman, Fanny Melamid, Gertrude Greenberg, Jean Roodie, Rachel Hershorn, Esther Roodie, Gertrude Tishman, Minnie Melamid, Marion Pincus, Clara Shapero, Bella Freedman, Mollie Brodsky, Mildred Balakofsky, Annie Balakofsky, Esther Ginsberg, Helen Ceresney, Bessie Drutz, Gertie Plansky, Bella Greenberg, Rosie Hilf, Zelda Krieger, Jennie Shulman, Florence Leibowitz, Bertha Leckowitz, Sadie Geller, Celia Chapnick, Clara Melamid, Minnie Tishkoff, Florence Bernard, Sylvia Okun, Jeannette Brodsky, Esther Melamid, Bessie Chapnick, Evelyn Applebaum, Tillie Harris, Annie Lappin, Mary Ezrin, Mildred Eisensheer and Sophie Viner.

Blue Ribbons were presented to Lillian Gold.

Miss Yetta Littner presented the Nature Lore ribbons to Miss Rose Goldstein's cabin, Annie Lappin, Mary Ezrin, Jeannette Sugarman, Tillie Harris, Mildred Eisensheer, Clara Wohlgelernter and Annie Beckerman were campers.

Miss Frances Welsberg's cabin was presented with the Inspection ribbon by Martin Cohn Fanny Melamid, Minnie Melamid, Marion Pincus, Bella Freedman, Clara Shapero and Molly Brodsky were members.

Miss Zahler's cabin were presented with the Dramatic ribbon. Bessie Chapnick, Esther Ceresney, Marian Gelman, Sylvia Goldberg, Esther Melamid, Kate Joseph and Evelyn Applebaum were winners.

PICNIC

The First Annual Picnic of the United Merchandisers Limited, of 559 College Street, was held on Monday, August 4th., at La Salle Park, Aldershot, Ont., and the following were present:—

Mr. J. A. Kestenberg, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Greenberg and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Ravin and son, Mr. and Mrs. Mace and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Seaman, and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Isaaks and daughter, Dr. Gollom, Mr. Rodness, Miss B. McLean, Miss F. Ehren, Miss E. Garshan, Miss S. Garshan, Miss L. Fineberg, Miss M. Pascal, Miss B. Kaplan, Miss R. Solomon, Miss F. Waxer, Miss G. Ross, Miss R. Ross, Miss G. Rotstein, Miss R. Chapnick, Miss B. Chapnick, Miss E. Wiseberg, Miss Bergson, Miss B. Wabileff, Miss R. Title, Miss E. Young, Miss B. Harris, Miss P. Harris, Miss G. Rubin, Miss Y. Gilman, Miss M. Pancer, Miss Hemel, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Greenberg, Miss E. Wittenberg, Miss H. Wittenberg, Miss Winkler, Miss F. Frisch, Miss Kendler, Miss I. Wabileff, Miss Siegal, Miss B. Magder, Miss D. Jaffe, Miss B. Balfour, Miss Himel, Miss Edwards, Mr. Heller, Mr. B. Ehren, Mr. Himel, Mr. S. Altfest, Mr. Schein, Mr. A. Welsberg, Mr. A. Starkman, Mr. S. Rich, Mr. S. Mirsky, Mr. B. Campbell, Mr. J. B. Valensky, Mr. A. H. Lang.

A 75 Yard Dash for the Lady Employees, was won by Miss L. Fineberg, of the Mailing Department, prize being a Trophy Cup, presented by the President of the Company, Mr. J. A. Kestenberg.

Some of the prizes won by the employees and executives were put up for auction, and the proceeds realized, $40.00, was donated to the Star Fresh Air Fund, and Bnai-Brith Boys Camp.

A souvenir gift was presented to each employee, by the firm.

The Picnic was brought to a close with a dance held in the La Salle Dance Pavilion.

THE STREET OF CHAINS

(Continued from page 6)

Thérèse, and I have a black Chantilly shawl I should like you to drape over your shoulders. Will you come down at eleven to try it? And I shall ask Stearns to send up some jersey morning frocks for you at once. . . . I shall be delighted to make you a present of two or three. A tan, a blue, and would you care for a reseda green?"

"Any color you say. Unless reseda is jade," Tress said pertly. "That might make my wearing it too pointed. No jade for Tress."

She meant it to be clever and amusing. She did not know anything of the made land that underlay the Back Bay, but she had a desire to reclaim Madam Wilton, to teach her to tilt at life, to challenge it with a laugh now and then. No smile warmed the frost of wrinkles about the old woman's ice-blue eyes. "I shall ask Stearns to send half a dozen frocks of as many colors. Then you may choose. I shall expect you at eleven, Thérèse. Good morning, son."

Madam Wilton set her little hand firmly on the head of the ebony cane which added to her air of being a French marquise and which Tress had an amused sense might be broken over her shoulder some day. The old woman smoothed down her black faille skirt, lifted her small white-crowned head and tap-tapped from the room with an air which Tress found herself likening to nothing in all the world but Granpa's manner with Henriette in the long ago when he caught her stealing peppermints or peeking into bureau drawers.

"Mother's fond of you," Dicky said. "The old girl is really quite wonderful to you."

"I wish I weren't quite so afraid of her Royal Highness. I wish I could help her get off Plymouth Rock and onto dry land."

"You're the one who's all wet, Tress. Mother's a great old girl. She can't match herself up to a modern jazz tempo. But she's a mighty clever woman. And I'm here to tell you, my girl, that you're not to make eyes at young Dana Rodman or any other lad but your Dicky. Get me?"

"Jealous, brute!"

"You bet your life I'm a jealous brute. I'd never have married you if you hadn't been such a standoffish and proper little devil. And now that you're my wife, no cutting loose and living up to the imp in your eyes. You're a Wilton and the more you act like one the better for mother and the easier for you in this town. You pattern after the mater; can't go wrong if you do. She was a Cabot and she's got the manners and traditions that go with it. Her folks stepped out of the *Mayflower* and planted themselves on American soil, you know. That's something to make her carry her head high——"

"And I'm a Delavan and my greatest pride has always been in belonging to a family named Gruenturm who stepped out of a Ghetto and planted themselves all over the banking districts of Europe," Tress said half to herself.

"And good blood too I daresay," Dicky conceded. "But it effervesces a bit too much for Boston. You're in Rome, darling; no use acting as they do in—the Orient."

"But I am Oriental," Tress said bitterly. "I didn't choose to be; I've always tried not to be. But I am."

"Nonsense!" said Dicky. "You belong in Massachusetts, not in Palestine."

They both knew that didn't quite settle it.

CHAPTER IV

At the front door Dicky reminded Tress. Don't forget that at one you're due to lunch at the College Club with Cousin Priscilla Conant and Aunt Mary Whittier."

With the ghost of Cotton Mather sitting on their shoulders and whispering into their ears to condemn me for a witch."

He caught her in his arms. "You're a witch all right and a torment. If I don't run along now, I'll stick around all morning to make nice speeches to you instead of going down to the office to make a few hundred for you so you can have that little coupé you want and not have to spend all your time riding around in the ancient Rolls-Royce with the mater."

"Nothing will be too terrible when I have a little car of my own and can elope with you now and then in more or less privacy," Tress said. Dicky was taking on a value in her eyes, a value measured by all she had paid for her chance to make something of their marriage, a value enhanced by his position as a Wilton and a Bostonian and increased by her own memories of Amsterdam Avenue and her methods of escape from its drabness. She clung to her husband for a moment at the front door; then she turned and began slowly to mount the stairway that led to Madam Wilton's quarters on the second floor.

Halfway up the stairs she halted. It was not yet nine, Cook and Penniman were having audience with the head of the household; she herself was not bidden to appear until eleven. The hours stretched ahead drearily. She wished she dared run up to the conference and ask if they couldn't have a thick soup for a change, a purée of peas perhaps with sausage. She composed a menu in which there was sweet and sour fish instead of broiled scrod, no sage in the stuffing of the roast capon, mayonnaise on the tomatoes rather than French dressing, a compote of prunes and chestnuts instead of apple sauce, sweet and sour cabbage in the place of squash, and an apple strudel or a nut torte for dessert. . . . But there would be sherbet and lady fingers and tiny Delphines with coffee icing. And Penniman and the waitress and chambermaid would serve the meal passing everything solemnly and in the manner of a rite. The ordeal of the dinner with its ponderous and elaborate service of heavy old silver and glazed china terrified Tress. She went down the stairs again and into the rose and gold brightness of the "Empire" drawing room on the first floor. Here guests at Wilton functions were received formally on arriving; they were, in a manner of speaking, promoted to the library at the front of the second floor if they behaved satisfactorily during dinner. When coffee was served in the drawing room, one gathered that the company was not quite acceptable to Madam Wilton.

(Continued next week)

Fifteen Pounds of Exchanges

(Continued from page 1)

he mentioned in his column having received a letter from a reader in Yiddish, and he seemed rather proud to add that he did not understand Yiddish, and was not responsible for the translation. Well, the Yiddish element is still a very potent factor in American Jewish life. How can one pretend to appreciate the deeper play of motives in Jewish life without knowing Yiddish; without knowing the thoughts that are being thought by a large portion of the masses; without being able to read what the thinkers and observers and poets and story tellers are writing in the language of the majority of Jewdom? The satisfied smirk of the journalist betrays his incapacity.

Isolated figures of Jewish thinkers are appearing on the horizon. The intelligence of the Jewish people is coming to a focus here and there. But the mass of our publications are not the medium of expression for our searching spirits. They still live in the age when the pulpiteers were the main attraction and the sophomoric professional practitioners supplied the preliminaries in the cerebrating jousts staged at our communal arenas.

A.B.B.

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